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A SKYWALD HORROR-MOOD MAGAZINE
So
ALL NEW
The TRUTH about how DRACULA became a VAMPIRE!
Within the dungeons of CASTLE DRACULA!
TONIGHT
Classic Horror Characters
the Fiend of Changsha!
re-born!
MONSTER MONSTER
unleashed!
ALL CLASSIC STORIES TO MAKE YOUR FLESH CRAWL!

"OUT through that doorway came a long, low, yellow-and-brown beast, with eyes a-blink at the waning daylight, and dark wet stains around the fur of the jaws and throat."

SAKI
"SRENDI VASHTAR"

DARK THINGS No. 2: SAKI — illustrated by GENE DAY

PSYCHO

No. 24 MAR 1975
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Within Dracula's Dungeons

The TRUTH about the birth of COUNT DRACULA, Lord of all Vampires, with an unusual and slightly bizarre twist . . . page 4

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VISIONS OF BLOODY DEATH consume the mind of freak VINCENT CRAYNE as chapter 7 of the MONSTER MONSTER SAGA continues its reign of terror in these pages . . . page 16

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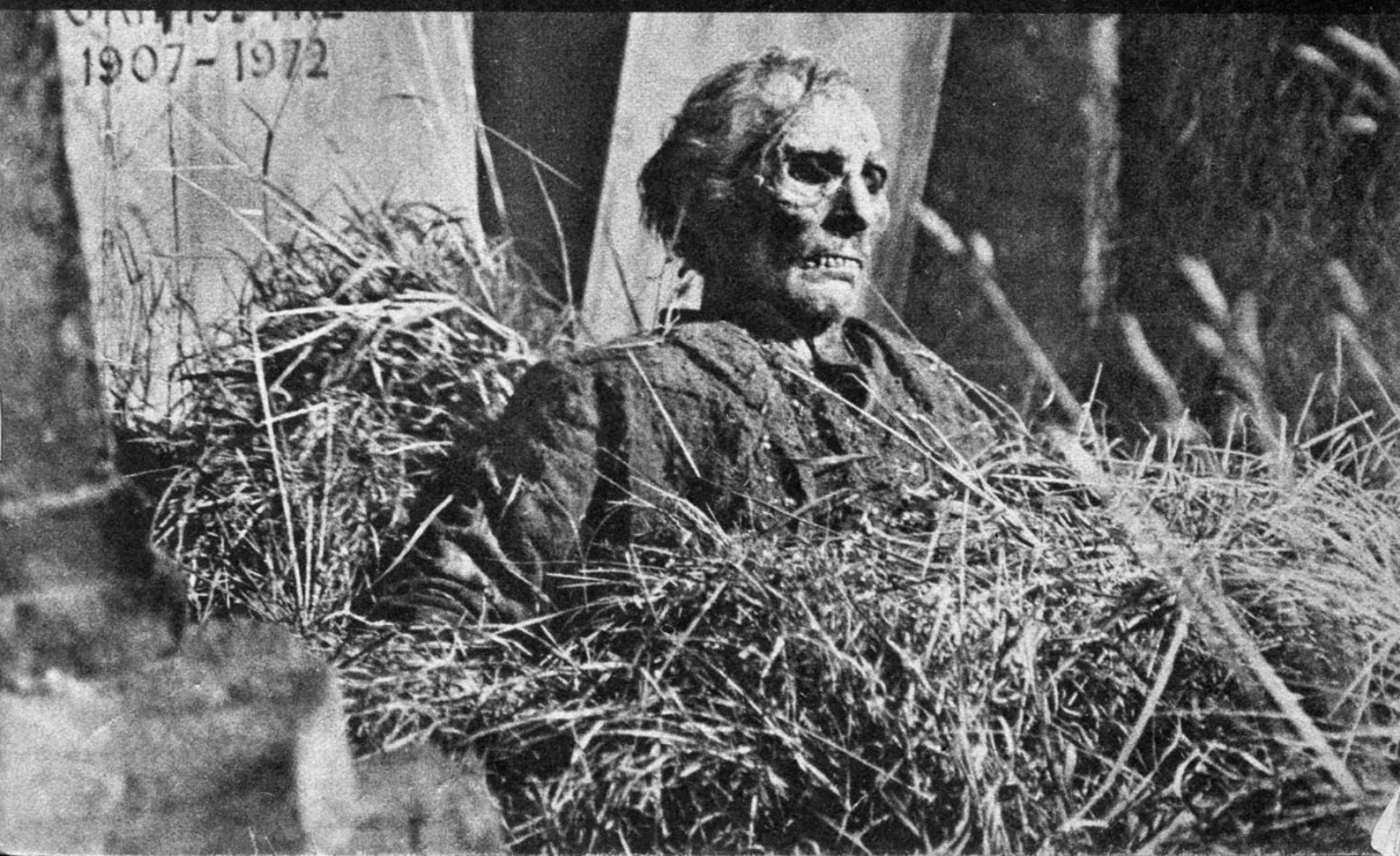
A tale in the frozen wastes of Hell, where survival is often hampered by a twist of the supernatural . . . page 46

The Fiend of Changsha

DEAD BY DAY — FIEND BY NIGHT — chapter 2 of the "finest new horror character of the year" according to your letters — he returns herein, and KILLS for the first time . . . page 59



written by HOWARD ANDERSON
illustrated by ROBERT MARTIN

...A FRAGMENT IN THE LIFE OF DRACULA...

...WHEN *VLAD VOEVOD* (COUNT DRACULA) WAS *SIXTEEN YEARS OLD*, HIS *PARENTS* WERE *KILLED* BY A *LUNATIC WEREWOLF CHAINED* IN THE *CASTLE DRACULA DUNGEONS*...

...THE YOUNG VLAD, NOW *KING* OF A *COUNTRY*, YET *IMMATURE* AND *UNDISCIPLINED*, CAME TO THE THRONE *LUSTING* TO EXERCISE *POWER*-- THE BOY WAS *CORRUPTED* BY THE *LYCANTHROPIC DISEASE* WHICH PERMEATED HIS SOUL AND HE GAVE IN TO HIS EVERY *WHIM**...

* HE WAS *THEN* A WEREWOLF -- NOT *YET* A VAMPIRE -- *THIS TALE* IS THE STORY OF *HOW* COUNT DRACULA *BECAME* A *VAMPIRE!*

...HE *FILLED* THE *DUNGEONS* OF THE *CASTLE DRACULA* WITH *PRISONERS* OF ALL SORTS -- THIEVES, POLITICAL PRISONERS, AND *VICTIMS* HE SOUGHT *ONLY* TO *TORTURE* WHO HAD COMMITTED *NO CRIME* EXCEPT TO INCUR THE *WRATH* OF THE *YOUNG COUNT*...

...THIS IS THE TALE OF *ONE* OF THESE VICTIMS AND HIS *CONFRONTATION* WITH THE YOUNG DRACULA -- IT IS A VERY *IMPORTANT FRAGMENT* IN VLAD'S LIFE-STORY...

WITHIN THE DUNGEONS OF CASTLE DRACULA!

YOU AMUSE ME, RATHSKELLER--
HOW SO, MY YOUNG LORD!
YOU ARE THE MOST IMPUDENT MAN I KNOW--
YOU CARE NOT A WHIT WHO I AM, OR WHAT I CAN DO TO YOU! YOU VOICE NO PROTEST-- YOU ADMIT NO PAIN -- YOU SIMPLY ENDURE! WHY IS IT, RATHSKELLER -- THAT OF ALL MEN IN THIS DUNGEON, YOU ARE NOT AFRAID OF ME?
MY LORD -- I AM INDEED AFRAID OF YOU, I HAVE A LOVING WIFE AND CHILDREN, I LOVE LIFE AND I ENJOY MY WORK AS YOUR GARDENER -- I CERTAINLY DO NOT WANT TO DIE. AND SO I DO FEAR YOU, MY LORD! BUT I HAVE WORKED IN YOUR FATHER'S COURTYARDS SINCE THE DAY OF YOUR BIRTH -- I HAVE WATCHED YOU GROW LIKE ONE OF MY OWN SEEDLINGS -- I RESPECT YOUR POWER AND YOUR INTELLIGENCE, MY LORD, BUT I KNOW THAT NO AMOUNT OF WHIMPERING OR GROANING OR SUPPLICATION ON MY PART WILL CHANGE YOUR MIND ONCE YOU HAVE MADE IT UP!
VERY SIMPLY, MY LEIGE, I KNOW YOU TOO WELL -- I KNOW ONCE YOUR MIND IS MADE-UP THAT I CERTAINLY HAVE NO WAY OF CHANGING IT. SO WHY SHOULD I BEG, WITHOUT PURPOSE? I DO NOT WANT TO DIE, MY LEIGE I AM INDEED IN AWE OF THY GREAT MIGHT!
AN INTERESTING LITTLE SPEECH, RATHSKELLER -- INTENDED, NO DOUBT, TO SOFTEN MY ATTITUDES TO YOU BY RECALLING TO MY MIND THE TIMES I SPENT PLAYING IN YOUR GARDENS WITH YOUR OWN CHILDREN!
HOWEVER -- I HAVE NO LOVE FOR YOU RATHSKELLER -- YOU DO NOT IMPRESS ME!
POOMP!

MIGHT I INQUIRE, MY LORD, WHY I AM HERE? -- AND EXACTLY WHAT YOU WISH TO DO WITH ME?
I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH YOU, RATHSKELLER -- YOU ARE HERE BECAUSE YOUR ELDEST SON, MY OLD PLAYMATE, JOHANN, HAS RUN OFF -- -- I WAS HIS GUARDIAN -- HE OWED ME 15 YEARS SERVICE -- NOW HE'S RUN OFF, AND YOU WILL BE MADE TO REIMBURSE ME SOMEHOW!
HOW?
I DON'T KNOW!
MY LIEGE -- PERMISSION TO SPEAK?
SPEAK!
SIRE -- THIS IS THE FIRST NIGHT OF THE FULL MOON -- ON WHICH NIGHT THE MASTER BECOMES POSSESSED OF THE BLOODLUST -- -- I THOUGHT I SHOULD REMIND THE MASTER, SHOULD HE WISH TO -- MAKE PLANS...
THANK YOU, JAILER -- YOU'VE GIVEN ME AN IDEA!
RATHSKELLER -- I'LL GIVE YOU A SPORTING WAGER...
I'LL SET YOU FREE IN THE FORESTS -- IF YOU SURVIVE TILL DAYLIGHT, YOU WILL BE A FREE MAN, AND I SHALL NEVER BOTHER YOU AGAIN, PROVIDED YOU KEEP MY LAWS!

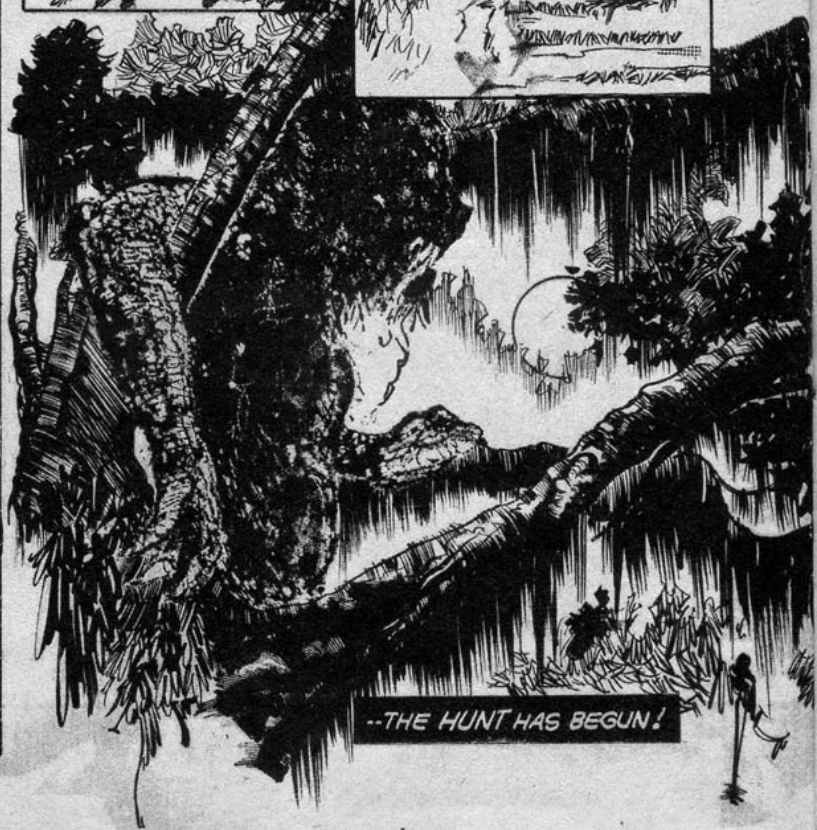
YOU ARE GENEROUS, MY LIEGE --BUT, I DO NOT UNDERSTAND-- WHAT IS IT I MUST FEAR IN THE FORESTS? -- WHAT IS IT I MUST SURVIVE?
ME, RATHSKELLER-- ME!
JAILER-- ARM HIM WITH A KNIFE, LEST AN ANIMAL ATTACK HIM-- THEN SET HIM FREE IN THE FORESTS-- DO THIS AT THE STROKE OF MIDNIGHT!
AYE, LORD!
WHAT A MARVELLEOUS IDEA FOR GOOD SPORT-- WHEN THE MOON IS HIGH I SHALL BECOME A WEREWOLF-BEAST, AND FOR A CHANGE-- --THE BEAST SHALL HUNT THE MAN!

--MIDNIGHT UPON CASTLE DRACULA -- THE MOON IS HIGH, THE CLOUDS ARE DARK AND SCATTERED --WITHIN THE DUNGEONS A MAN PREPARES TO BE HUNTED -- WITHIN THE TOWERS, A BEAST PREPARES TO HUNT--

--THE PREY IS SET FREE--

--THE HUNTER HOWLS -- HIS ANIMAL SHRIEKS FILL THE NIGHT AIR AND ENTER THE MIND OF THE HUNTED MAN, HE FEELS FEAR, HE FEELS ANGER, YET WITHOUT RECOURSE ALL HE CAN DO IS RUN--

--THE HUNTER -- A BEAST WITH A MAN'S MIND WITHIN, SOMEWHAT DISTURBED, SOMEWHAT DISEASED, BUT NEVERTHELESS A HUMAN MIND -- LUSTING FOR BLOOD--


--THE HUNT HAS BEGUN!

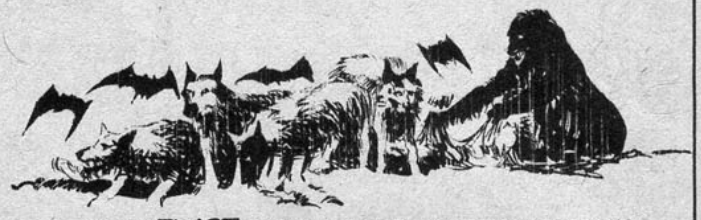
IF THERE WAS ONLY SOMEWHERE I COULD HIDE!
--SOMEWHERE HE COULD NEVER FIND ME--I COULD HIDE TILL MORNING DAYLIGHT!
--BUT WHERE?
THE TREE TOPS!
--IF I COULD HIDE WITHIN THE SHRUBBERIES AT THE TOP OF A TREE WITH DENSE FOLIAGE I COULD REMAIN UNSEEN!
LORD GOD ON HIGH, PROTECT THY SERVANT --MY ENEMY IS BELOW ME--IF HE LOOKS UP I AM A DEAD MAN!

HE DOES NOT SEE ME--HE MOVES ON!
--DRACULA, LORD OF ALL LYCANTHROPES, FIEND OF ALL THE CORRUPT OF THE EARTH, SEARCHES AND COMES TO KNOW BITTER FRUSTRATION-- HIS PREY IS VANISHED-- HIS SPORT IS SPOILED--
--ONE CANNOT EXPECT DRACULA TO PLAY ACCORDING TO THE RULES OF HONOR AND FAIR-PLAY--
--HE CALLS TO HIS ALLIES, THE WOLVES, AND THEY SCOUR THE FOREST IN A SEARCH FOR THE HIDDEN PREY--
--HE CALLS TO THE BATS WHO INHABIT CASTLE DRACULA'S DUNGEONS, WHO ARE FREE THERE TO FEAST UPON WHATEVER HUMAN FLESH THE YOUNG DRACULA LEAVES ROTTING FOR THEM -- AYE FEAST-- FOR THEY ARE A HORDE OF VILE VAMPIRE BATS--
--HE CALLS TO THEM--AND THEY TOO BEGIN TO SEARCH FOR THE HIDDEN RATHSKELLER, WHILE COUNT DRACULA, WEREWOLF, WAITS AND WATCHES THEIR FLIGHT--
--AND WHILE THEY PAUSE AND HOVER ABOVE A GARGANTUAN OAK, THE LORD OF THE DEAD KNOWS THE HUNT IS NEAR ITS END--
--FOR THE PREY HAS BEEN FOUND!

OH LORD GOD PROTECT ME--I AM FOUND-- THE VAMPIRE BATS HAVE DISCOVERED ME!
--DRACULA, LIEGE OF LYCANTHROPES, STANDS BELOW THE TREE, HE SIGNALS HIS SERVANTS, THE VAMPIRE BATS, TO ATTACK-- TO FORCE RATHSKELLER TO FALL--
--AND FALL RATHSKELLER DOES-- TO HIS DEATH AT DRACULA'S VERY FEET!

--THE VULTURES HOVER ABOUT THE DEAD MAN, THEY GLOAT OVER THEIR DEFEATED PREY. THEY SMIRK OVER THE HUMAN WEAKLING WHO IS *NO MATCH* FOR THEIR SATANGIVEN, EVIL *STRENGTHS*--

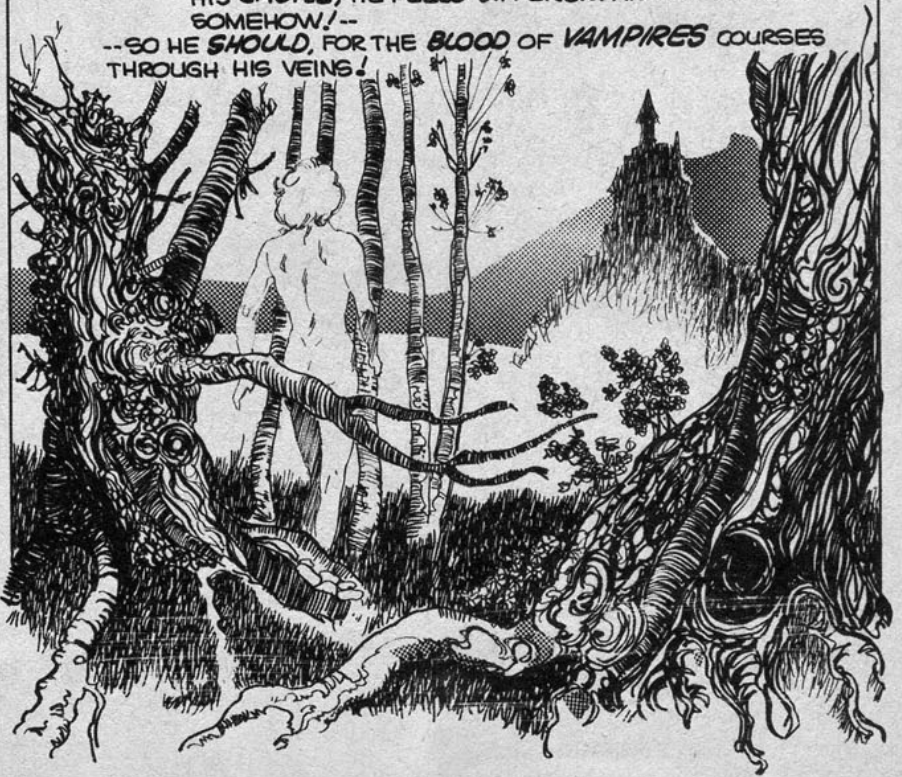
--THEY DESCEND, DRACULA AND HIS PETS--THE WOLVES AND THE VAMPIRE BATS--- *VERMIN* OF THE *EARTH*-- THEY *DESCEND* UPON THE *DEAD RATHSKELLER* --THEY *DESCEND*, AND *DEVOUR*--



--THEY *FEAST* UPON THEIR PREY AS WOULD LIONS FEAST UPON A ZEBRA--YET THERE IS A *DIFFERENCE*-- A *GHASTLY DIFFERENCE*, BETWEEN THESE *IGNOBLE VULTURES* AND THE *NOBLE LION*-- --THE LION KILLS TO *LIVE*, TO BE *SUSTAINED*-- --THESE FOUL BEASTS KILL FOR *BLOOD*, TO *SATISFY* A *LUST!*

--THEY FIGHT AMONGST THEMSELVES FOR THE CHOICEST BITS OF *FLESH*, AND THEIR *OWN BLOOD* IS *SPILLED* --THE *BLOOD* IS *MINGLED*-- THE BLOOD OF THE *WOLVES*, THE BLOOD OF THE *LYCANTHROPE DRACULA*, THE BLOOD OF THE *DEAD MAN*, THE BLOOD OF THE *VAMPIRE BATS* -- *IS MINGLED*--

--AND DRACULA *DEVOURS* AND *CONSUMES* AND *DIGESTS* AND *ABSORBES* THE *FOUL BLOOD* OF THE *VAMPIRE BATS* *INTO HIS OWN BLOOD*-- --AS DAYLIGHT RISES ON THE GRUESOME SCENE THERE IS NO TELLING *WHAT* THE MONSTER DRACULA HAS *BECOME*, FOR AS HE *STUMBLES*, AS A *MAN*, BACK TO HIS *CASTLE*, HE FEELS DIFFERENT AND *CHANGED* SOMEHOW!-- --SO HE *SHOULD*, FOR THE *BLOOD* OF *VAMPIRES* COURSES THROUGH HIS VEINS!



--HE ENTERS THE CASTLE, AND PAUSES - SOMEWHAT MINDLESSLY - TRYING TO CLEAR HIS CLOUDED BRAIN LONG ENOUGH TO MAKE A RATIONAL JUDGEMENT-- ONE THAT DOES NOT COME, FOR HE DESCENDS TO THE DUNGEONS BELOW, INSTEAD OF ASCENDING TO HIS REGAL BEDROOMS ABOVE!

--HE IGNORES THE SLEEPING JAILERS-- HE IGNORES THE SCREAMS OF AGONIZING PRISONERS, LEFT TO DIE ON THE RACKS-- HE SEEKS ONLY DARKNESS, ONLY SOLITUDE--

--HE FINDS THE BLACKNESS OF THE CORNER COMFORTING, HE CLOSES HIMSELF INTO A FETID, CRUMPLED, LITTLE INHUMAN PILE--

DRACULA IS RE-BORN THIS MORN AS A HUMAN VAMPIRE-- A LOATHSOME, PATHETIC THING THAT FEARS LIGHT, THAT IS FOREVER EXHAUSTED, THAT NEEDS NO FOOD NOR LIQUID SUSTENANCE--THAT NEEDS AND LUSTS ONLY BLOOD TO SURVIVE!

DRACULA IS RE-BORN AS A PATHETIC DEAD THING AFTER A HUNT WHICH HE LOST-- FOR THIS MORNING, HE GAVE UP HIS CLAIM TO CALL HIMSELF A HUMAN BEING!

SNARL MONSTER! LOOK DOWN AT THE MULTITUDES AND WONDER: WHY SHOULD THEY BE HAPPY WHEN YOU ARE NOT?
YOU PONDER THAT FOR A MOMENT... IF THE INHUMAN WORKINGS OF YOUR BRAIN CAN BE CALLED 'PONDERING'... AND YOU COME UP WITH AN ANSWER...
YOU IGNORE THEIR SCREAMS, AS IF THEY HADN'T BEEN SHOUTED. INSTEAD, YOU SLASH, CLAW AND KILL! SUCH IS YOUR LIFE... SUCH IS YOUR PURPOSE!
...THEY SHOULDN'T!
GOOD LORD! WHAT IS THAT?
GET OUT OF HERE! IT'LL KILL US ALL!

IT? DID HE CALL YOU IT? ISN'T THAT WRONG? AREN'T YOU A HUMAN BEING? YOU LOOK AROUND YOU AT THE BLOOD-COVERED STREETS AND THE LIFELESS CORPSES THAT SPRAWL HIDEOUSLY BEFORE YOU, AND SUDDENLY THE ANSWER IS CLEAR...

TOO DAMNED CLEAR! YOU ARE AN ANIMAL!

SO YOU RUN... FLEE... BUT YOU WILL NEVER ESCAPE THIS SCENE... OR THE SCENES THAT ARE SOON TO HAUNT YOU...

VISIONS OF BLOODY DEATH

MONSTER MONSTER

written by AUGUSTINE FUNNELL
illustrated by PAUL PUIGAGUT

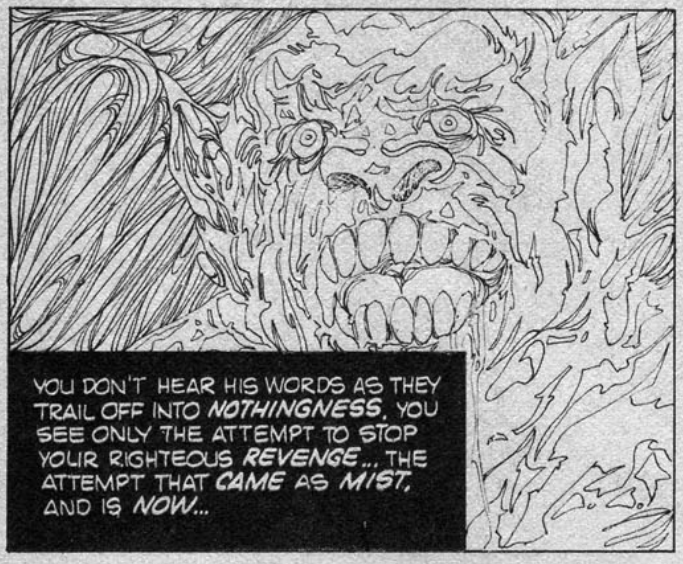
· CHAPTER 7 ·

YOU MAKE IT TO YOUR DESTINATION.. BUT YOU WILL NEVER KNOW THAT EVEN AS YOU SIT QUIETLY IN YOUR APARTMENT, ANOTHER WEB IS BEING WOVEN.
HE'S FOLLOWED ME! DAMN HIM! FOUL BEAST... IF HE FINDS ME HE'LL KILL ME!
BUT HOW DO I BRING MYSELF TO KILL THE ONE WHO WILL BRING HIM HERE... MY SON!!
NO...I CAN'T WEAKEN NOW. I'VE GONE THROUGH TOO MUCH... ACCOMPLISHED TOO MANY THINGS TO LET A CHILD AND A MONSTER ROB ME OF WHAT IS RIGHTFULLY MINE!
AND I CAN'T PART WITH THE WEALTH I'VE ACCUMULATED MERELY BECAUSE OF TWO LIVES...
... SO THOSE TWO LIVES MUST CEASE THAT I MAY LIVE!

A DECISION HAS BEEN MADE LITTLE MAN, AND YOU'RE SOON TO FEEL ITS EFFECTS. MAYBE THAT'S WHY YOU SUDDENLY FEEL THE CHILLS RUN UP AND DOWN YOUR SPINE...

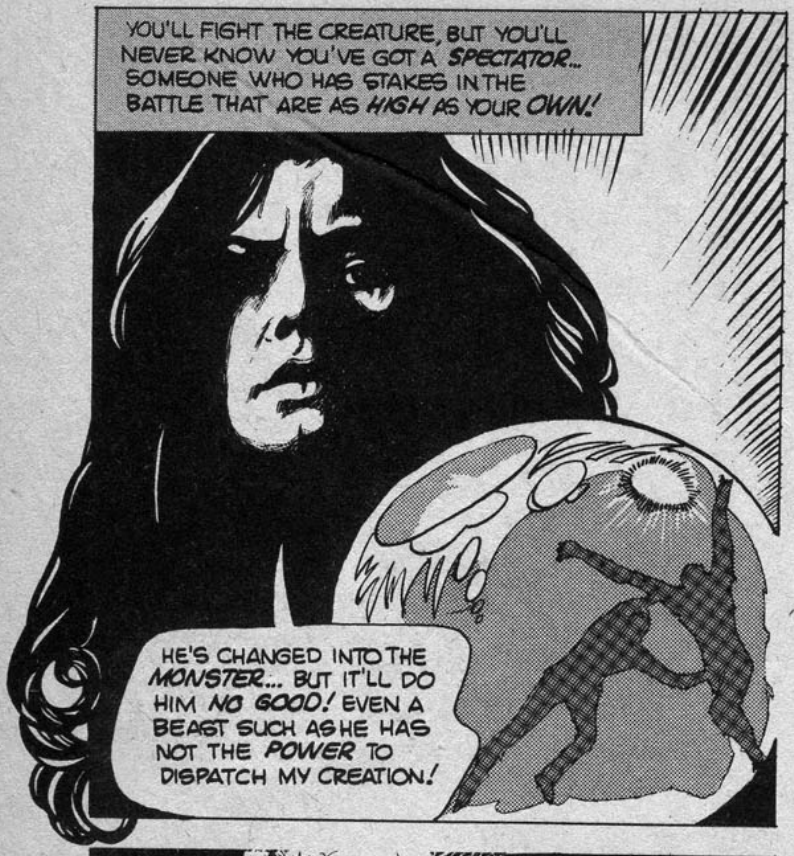
OR MAYBE IT'S THE MISTS THAT BEGIN TO FORM IN A SWIRLING MASS ONLY MERE FEET FROM YOU...
GOOD GOD! WHAT THE HELL...

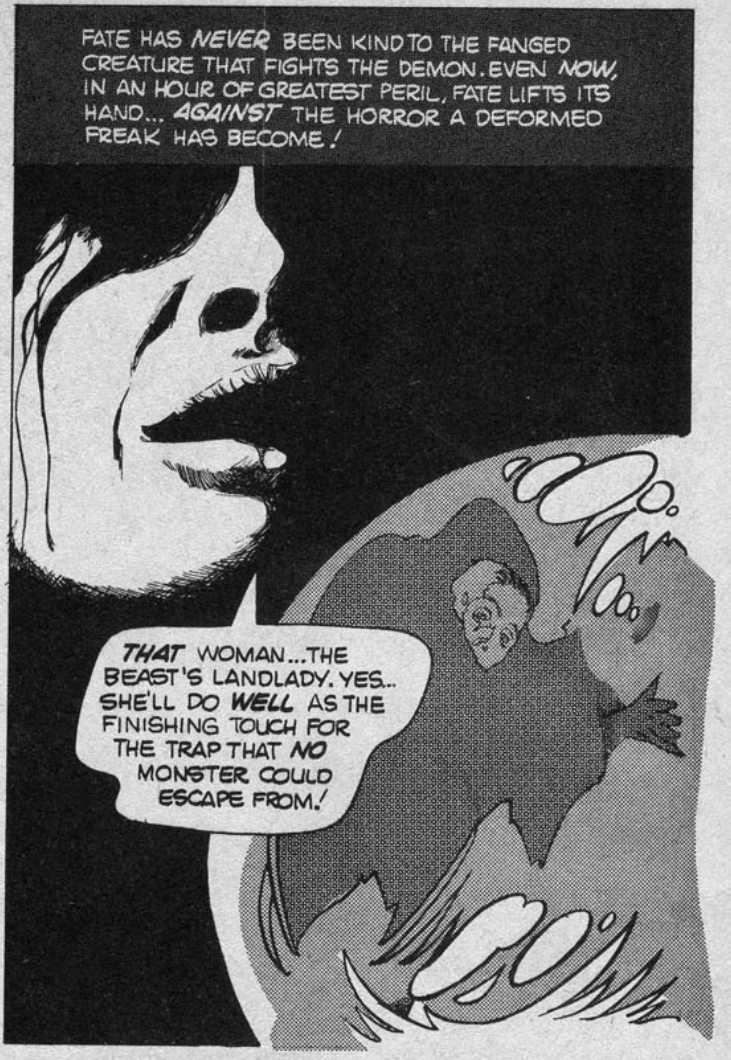
...YES, IT'S PROBABLY THE MIST...
IT'S THE WOMAN... IT HAS TO BE... SHE'S TRYING TO KILL ME BEFORE I CAN GET TO HER!
NO! SHE WOULDN'T... SHE...


YOU DON'T HEAR HIS WORDS AS THEY TRAIL OFF INTO NOTHINGNESS, YOU SEE ONLY THE ATTEMPT TO STOP YOUR RIGHTEOUS REVENGE... THE ATTEMPT THAT CAME AS MIST, AND IS NOW...

...A DEMON FROM HELL!
CRAYNE! YOU'VE GOT TO STOP IT... NOW! SHE'S TRYING TO KILL US!

THE PAIN... MOLTEN CURRENTS OF AGONIZING TORTURE FLOWING THROUGH YOUR MIND, AND YOU NO LONGER HAVE CONTROL OF THE BODY THAT NATURE HAS GIVEN YOU.
CRAYNE... HURRY! HURRY OR IT'LL KILL US BOTH!
HE'S CALLED FOR YOU TO HELP HIM... AND WHY NOT? WHY SHOULDN'T ONE MONSTER...
... BE CONFRONTED BY ANOTHER?


YOU'LL FIGHT THE CREATURE, BUT YOU'LL NEVER KNOW YOU'VE GOT A SPECTATOR... SOMEONE WHO HAS STAKES IN THE BATTLE THAT ARE AS HIGH AS YOUR OWN!
HE'S CHANGED INTO THE MONSTER... BUT IT'LL DO HIM NO GOOD! EVEN A BEAST SUCH AS HE HAS NOT THE POWER TO DISPATCH MY CREATION!


FATE HAS NEVER BEEN KIND TO THE FANGED CREATURE THAT FIGHTS THE DEMON. EVEN NOW, IN AN HOUR OF GREATEST PERIL, FATE LIFTS ITS HAND... AGAINST THE HORROR A DEFORMED FREAK HAS BECOME!
THAT WOMAN...THE BEAST'S LANDLADY. YES.. SHE'LL DO WELL AS THE FINISHING TOUCH FOR THE TRAP THAT NO MONSTER COULD ESCAPE FROM!

MR. CRAYNE! MR. CRAYNE! WHAT'S GOING ON IN THERE? MR. CRAYNE!

YOU MIGHT HAVE DONE BETTER TO IGNORE THE SOUNDS WOMAN... FOR YOU ARE ABOUT TO BECOME ENTANGLED IN THE STICKIEST WEB OF ALL... THE WEB OF DEATH!!!
MMH?

YOUR ANIMAL INSTINCTS SCREAM AT YOU WARNING YOU OF THE DANGER THAT LURKS JUST OUTSIDE YOUR DOOR... BUT YOU'VE LITTLE TIME FOR THAT... LITTLE TIME INDEED...
... AND NOW YOU'VE EVEN LESS TIME!
OH MY GOD! ANOTHER ONE!
YOU DON'T HEAR HIS WORDS... IT PROBABLY WOULDN'T MATTER IF YOU DID! WHAT DOES A MONSTER CARE ABOUT OTHERS ANYWAY?
NO... IT'S NOT HAPPENING... IT'S NOT...
THE HATE BUILDS WITHIN YOU... RAGING, BESTIAL... AND YOU LASH OUT, THE FULL FORCE OF YOUR HATE BEHIND THE DEADLY BLOW!
YOU SEE IT FALL AND YOU LAUGH INSIDE. BUT YOU HAVE LITTLE TIME TO ENJOY THE VICTORY... FOR SUDDENLY, THERE IS CHANGE... AND THE CHANGE IS NOT YOUR DOING!

AND AS SUDDENLY AS IT HAD BEGUN...
...THE CHANGE IS COMPLETED!
MY BRAIN... BURNING WITH PAIN... IT'S THE WOMAN WITH THE AMULET... HER THOUGHTS COMING TO ME...
AND THEN, THE PAIN IS GONE... LEAVING ONLY HATE!
SO IT'S ENGLAND SHE WANTS... THEN ENGLAND IT'LL BE... AND THERE... SHE WILL DIE!!!
... ENGLAND... SHE'S GOING TO ENGLAND... DARING ME TO FOLLOW...
...AND A MOMENT FOR SORROW...
BUT FIRST, THERE MUST BE A MOMENT FOR THE MEMORY OF FRIENDSHIP...
HE'S DEAD MONSTER, DEAD! AND WHY? BECAUSE HE DARED HAVE YOU FOR A FRIEND. BUT SOON... VERY SOON, HIS DEATH WILL BE AVENGED! WON'T IT MONSTER? YES... IF THAT FLICKER OF INSANE RAGE THAT CROSSES YOUR FACE IS ANY INDICATION... A DEATH SHALL BE AVENGED!

NEXT: CHAPTER VIII OF THE 'MONSTER, MONSTER SAGA': THE ARMS OF DEATH ARE EVER OPEN!

...WE ARE PROUD TO PRESENT A VERY SPECIAL ***HORROR-MOOD*** TALE, AND TO INTRODUCE THE WRITING OF ***JOAN CINTRON*** FOR THE FIRST TIME ANYWHERE IN THE ILLUSTRATED STORY MEDIUM. THIS STORY IS A ***HORROR-MOOD FIRST,*** FOR ***DAUGHTER OF DARKNESS*** WAS SCRIPTED BY ***JOAN CINTRON*** AND ILLUSTRATED BY ***MAELO CINTRON***--A HUSBAND AND WIFE TEAM--WHICH MAKES THIS TALE A COLLECTOR'S ITEM IN ILLUSTRATED HORROR...

...BETWEEN THE ARISTOCRACY AND WORKING CLASS IS THERE A DIVIDING LINE WHICH DEFINES AND DETERMINES WHO SHALL PLANT AND WHO SHALL REAP?...IS NOT THE PRINCE AS DESPERATE AS THE SERF, WHEN SURVIVAL IS IN THE BALANCE? THE FOLLOWING IS A SCENE UNIVERSAL AND UNBRIDLED BY THE REINS OF MAN AND HIS LAWS. NATURE, THAT SUPREME POWER, OFFERS LITTLE DISTINCTION THIS NIGHT...A SMALL JUSTICE YOU SAY?--NOT TO THOSE WHO SEARCH FOR WATERS CLEAR WITH TRUTH; FOR TONIGHT THEY QUENCH THEIR THIRST AT THE SPRING OF THE...

written by JOAN CINTRON
illustrated by MAELO CINTRON

DAUGHTER OF DARKNESS

MIDWIFE, CAN YOU NOT ALLEVIATE HER SUFFERING?
...NOT A HUSBAND SINCE ADAM HAS FAILED TO ASK THAT QUESTION, M'LORD!
AHHHH!
WOULD THAT I COULD BARTER WITH THE ELEMENTS--FOR ONE LESS TEAR, ONE LESS CRY OF PAIN, I WOULD GIVE WITHOUT HESITATION THE CONTENTS OF MY COFFERS!
AHH...LORD--THE PAIN!
CHILDREN GAIN ENTRANCE TO THIS WORLD IN THE SAME MANNER, BE IT PALACE OR HUT...YOUR RICHES ARE FUTILE, SIR... AS IS THE POOR MAN'S LACK OF THEM...

...PARDON MY LIBERTY, SIRE, BUT YOU ARE AS FOREIGN AS A BABE IN BATTLE... WAITING IS MY PROFESSION, BUT YOU--YOU TREMBLE STEADILY WITH EACH HOUR...
THE VERY GATES OF HELL WOULD NOT BAR MY LEGIONS, WERE I TO RIDE AT THEIR HEAD...
GO, RETIRE TO THE ADJOINING CHAMBER AND COMPOSE YOURSELF AS BEFITS YOUR STATION--A MONARCH, NOT JUST A MAN, MUST WELCOME HIS HEIR...
AHHHH!

FORGIVE ME, M'LORD--SHE--SHE IS DEAD! CHILDBEARING DRAINED THE STRENGTH NECESSARY FOR RECOVERY! HER ORDEAL WAS LONG AND DIFFICULT--TOO DIFFICULT FOR ONE SO DELICATE--'TIS THE FATES!
SILENCE!... 'TIS NOT THE FATES, BUT THIS DEMON IMP I BLAME--OUR CHILD--HEIR TO THIS NOW MEANINGLESS THRONE...

...ROYAL FAMILIES HAVE NEVER SPARED A LIFE IN THEIR COVETOUS AMBITIONS... FATHER AGAINST SON...SON AGAINST FATHER, ON AND ON ...BLOOD IS OF LITTLE SUBSTANCE IN EMPIRES...BUT WHAT CHILD MURDERS ITS OWN MOTHER?... OH, INFAMOUS SPAWN OF EVIL, YOU ARE ALL THE MORE TREACHEROUS FOR YOUR HELPLESSNESS!

MUST I REMIND YOU OF M'LADY'S DEVOTION TO HER UNBORN CHILD? MAKE NOT HER LIFE A MERE ENTRY IN A HISTORY BOOK--LOVE THAT WHICH SHE MOST ASSUREDLY WOULD HAVE LOVED--SEE--ALREADY SHE...
DID YOU SAY SHE?...A JEST SATAN HIMSELF CHUCKLES AT, I'M SURE ...IS THIS WRETCHED ANGEL OF HADES A FEMALE ALSO!...IS THIS THEN MY SUCCESSOR?

YES, MAJESTY... BUT SUCH A BONNIE CHILD, SURELY...
LOVE HER? LOVE THAT WHICH HAS TAKEN MY ONLY LOVE? FONDLE THAT WHICH BREATHES THE AIR OF BEGINNING SECURED BY ANOTHER'S END?
...YOU CANNOT MEAN THIS... SHE IS A CROWN PRINCESS... SIRED BY FLESH OF RULERS... YOUR DAUGHTER... SHE WILL FILL THE CASTLE WITH SUNSHINE!
MY SUN SET UPON HER ARRIVAL...SHE, TOO WILL WALK IN THE DARKNESS SHE HAS DELIVERED... NEVER SHALL THE DAY CAST ITS RAYS UPON HER...BY ROYAL DECREE, IT SHALL BE!!
YEARS PASS... TEARS MELTING INTO ONE ANOTHER IN SOMBER SHADES OF SORROW... GAIETY AND MERRIMENT ARE LITTLE MORE THAN A MEMORY! ALTHOUGH TWO DECADES HAVE GONE BY, THE CASTLE REMAINS DRAPED IN MOURNING DRESS--
TELL ME ABOUT MY MOTHER... ONCE MORE, I BESEECH YOU...
ONCE MORE, BUT THEN TO BED WITH YOU!
I PROMISE!

...YOUR MOTHER WAS LIKE THE SUN ITSELF...IT'S AS IF THE PLANETS DECIDED EARTH WAS LACKING IN SPLENDOR AND BESTOWED MORTALITY UPON THE STAR MOST BEAUTIFUL, AND SENT HER IN HUMAN FORM TO GRACE THE EARTH...
REALLY?
AYE, REALLY...MORNING HAD NO MIGHTIER RIVAL AND NIGHT NO STRONGER COMPETITION! BUT ENOUGH OF YESTERDAY'S!
...THERE IS ONE MATTER YOU HAVE NOT SPOKEN TO ME OF, SURELY BECAUSE YOU LOVE ME AND WOULD SPARE ME HURT--BUT I AM A WOMAN AND I MUST ASK ABOUT A MAN--
...WHETHER OR NOT I WILL EVER MEET A MAN--ANY MAN, OR WHETHER I CAN EVER LEAVE THIS CHAMBER--THIS PRISON--IS IN GOD'S HANDS. BUT I MUST KNOW THE ONE THING I YEARN TO UNDERSTAND...
YOU WANT TO KNOW ABOUT LOVE--
FOR ME TO TELL YOU ABOUT LOVE WOULD BE INHUMAN AND CRUEL BEYOND WORDS--YOU WILL NEVER KNOW THE LOVE OF A MAN SO DO NOT THINK ABOUT IT!
...TO LOVE A MAN, EVEN FOR A SINGLE MOMENT, I WOULD GIVE UP THE REST OF MY LIFE!
...FOR WHAT IS A WOMAN WITHOUT A MAN; EVEN AS A MAN IS NAUGHT WITHOUT THE LOVE AND EMBRACE OF A WOMAN; I AM WITHOUT LIFE IF I AM WITHOUT LOVE...

LORD, ARE YOU A MAN?
I AM-- WHO ARE YOU NOT TO KNOW A MAN WHEN YOU SEE HIM--WHO DOES NOT RECOGNIZE A VAMPIRE WHEN HE DESCENDS UPON YOU!
I AM THE PRINCESS-- LOCKED AWAY TWENTY YEARS FROM THE WORLD BY MY FATHER!
I KNOW NOT THE MEANING OF THE WORD VAMPIRE--I KNOW ONLY THAT I HAVE LONGED FOR THE EMBRACE OF A MAN--
YOU--HAVE NEVER KNOWN A MAN, OR A VAMPIRE?
MY PRINCESS YOU ARE A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN--YOUR INNOCENCE EMBRACES ME AS NOTHING ELSE HAS IN YEARS!

YOUR MAJESTY, IT WAS KIND OF YOU TO RECEIVE ME...
MY MINISTERS ADVISED IT, AS DID MY BISHOPS ...THANK THEM... WHAT IS IT?
FATHER...
NEVER CALL ME THAT... NEVER!!
...SIRE, I BEG YOUR LEAVE AND PERMISSION TO MARRY...
I FORBID YOU AN HEIR!
WELL, WELL, MY HEIR WISHES TO MARRY... MARRY AND PLACE HER HEIR ON MY THRONE...
...MY SOUL IN ETERNAL DAMNATION THAT I MIGHT LIVE FOREVER AND DENY YOUR RIGHT TO SUCCEED... I FORBID YOU ANY MARRIAGE...
...ONCE YOU SAID ...I ROBBED YOU OF A LIFE! NOW I SHALL RETURN THAT WHICH YOU INSIST I TOOK-- THAT AND MUCH MORE...
YOU NEED NEVER WORRY ABOUT AN HEIR AGAIN...DEAR FATHER... AFTER ALL, OF WHAT USE CAN A SUCCESSOR BE--TO A KING WHO SHALL LIVE FOREVER!
RAMTRON

IN EARLY 17TH CENTURY, THE MAD ARAB ABDUL ALHAZRED CONCOCTED A STRANGE DOCUMENTARY ON THE BLACK HISTORY OF EARTH BEFORE HUMANITY WAS CIVILIZED -- BEFORE MAN WALKED ERECT, FOUL AND INTELLIGENT SHOGGOTHS RULED THE WORLD! WE CAME TO KNOW ABOUT THIS MAD BOOK, THE NECRONOMICON, FROM THE WRITINGS OF HOWARD PHILLIPS LOVECRAFT, AN OBSCURE HISTORIAN AT MISKATONIC UNIVERSITY IN ARKHAM, MASSACHUSETS, WHO DIED MYSTERIOUSLY IN THE LATE 1930'S -- LOVECRAFT WAS THE GUARDIAN OF THE BOOK, AND WHEN HIS DEAD BODY WAS FOUND THE BOOK WAS MISSING! IT HAS NOT BEEN SEEN TO THIS DAY!

THE BOOK OF THE DEAD!

written by HUGH LASKEY illustrated by DOMINGO

GOD PROTECT THE MAN WHO NOW OWNS THIS CURIOUS VOLUME, IF, INDEED, HE BE A MAN, FOR WITHIN ARE CORRUPT RELATIONS SO EVIL AS TO DESTROY A MAN'S MIND AT ONE READING -- TALES OF THE LIVES OF THINGS THAT NEVER LIVED -- DESCRIPTIONS OF SERPENTS AND BEHEMOTHS WHO CRAWL ABOUT WITHIN THE HUMAN MIND -- PROPHESIES OF THE DAY WHEN THE BLACK SHOGGOTHS WILL REGAIN CONTROL OF THE EARTH AND SUBJUGATE MANKIND AS SLAVES -- WOE BEFALL THE MAN WHO OWNS THE NECRONOMICON.. WOE BEFALL HIS MIND AND SOUL SHOULD HE DARE READ IT!

THE ISLAND OF *ZACATECAS* LIES BASKING IN THE PACIFIC OCEAN... A SMALL DOT OF WHITE, SHIFTING SANDS AND GIANT BARRIER REEFS THAT HAS NOT KNOW THE FOOTSTEPS OF MEN FOR *CENTURIES!*

WHAT BRINGS THREE SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE TO THIS *ISOLATED* SPOT ONCE CALLED "THE SEAT OF THE GODS!?" WHY DO THEY PONDER THE *DEEP BLUE* WATERS BEYOND THE POUNDING SURF, AND CONSULT A *BRITTLE* MAP--DRAWN ON *HUMAN SKIN* MANY CENTURIES BEFORE?

IF THEY COULD BUT UNDERSTAND THE STRANGE *MURMURS* OF THE HEATED WIND, OR READ THE *WARNINGS* IN THE FROTH OF THE WAVES, THEY MIGHT LEAVE THIS PLACE OF *ANCIENT* AND *GROTESQUE HORRORS* AND *NEVER* RETURN--BUT, THE ARE BLINDED BY A SAVAGE *LUST* FOR *GOLD!*

LITTLE DO THEY KNOW THAT THE PATH THAT LEADS TO *TREASURES* IS OFTEN PAVED BY THE *BONES* AND *ROTTING FLESH* OF OTHERS WHO HAVE GONE BEFORE!

FROM HELL TO ETERNITY!!!

DO YOU THINK THIS MAP IS *AUTHENTIC?* I MEAN--THAT OLD WOMAN--
LOOK, BURT--
--PEOPLE DONN'T WRITE MAPS ON *HUMAN SKIN* FOR *JOKES!*
I DON'T HAVE ANY DOUBTS ABOUT IT! *SOMEWHERE* OUT THERE LIES A FORTUNE, JUST *WAITING* FOR US TO HAUL IT AWAY!
WE'RE ALL GOING TO BE *MILLIONAIRES!*
SASBA

written by EDWARD FEDORY
illustrated by ANDY CRANDON

YOU'VE GOT TO ADMIT, HER STORY WAS A LITTLE STRANGE!
ACCORDING TO HER, THE SHORELINE WAS BACK ALMOST A HALF MILE, AND THE LAND SURROUNDING WHAT IS NOW THE ISLAND WAS INHABITED BY AN ANCIENT RACE OF PEOPLE--

"--THE FOLTECS!... FIERCE AND MURDEROUS SAVAGES. BUT, WHEN THEIR KING DIED, MORAK-KULA, THE PEOPLE FELL TO DEEP MOURNING!

EVERY ANIMAL OF BURDEN WAS SLAIN, AS WAS EVERY TENTH MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD--THEIR BODIES BEING LEFT IN OPEN FIELDS TO BE FED UPON BY VULTURES AND THE CRABS THAT CAME ASHORE EACH NIGHT.

FOR DAYS AFTER THE KING'S DEATH, COURT MEDICINE MEN AND MAGICIANS LABORED IN PREPARING THE ROYAL BODY FOR THE AFTER-LIFE, SEALING THE SECRETS OF ETERNAL LIFE BEYOND--

---HIS SEWN LIPS!!

GOD OF FIRE AND WATER ... PROTECT YOUR TRUE SON ON HIS LONG VOYAGE TO YOUR SIDE. MALAC-TEA ACCEPT THIS OFFERING OF A DEEPLY SADDENED PEOPLE--

THE ROYAL BODY AND THOSE OF HIS GUARDS WERE PLACED ON A HIGH, GRANITE LEDGE IN THE REAR OF THE CAVE OVERLOOKING THE ROUGH-HEWN STONE ALTAR.

--AND, AS THE GOLDEN DAGGER *CLEAVED* THE *CHEST* OF THE TEMPLE VIRGIN, THE WARRIORS SLAUGHTERED THE SLAVES, LEAVING THEIR BODIES TO LITTER THE STONE FLOORS!

NOOOO AAYIIEEEEE

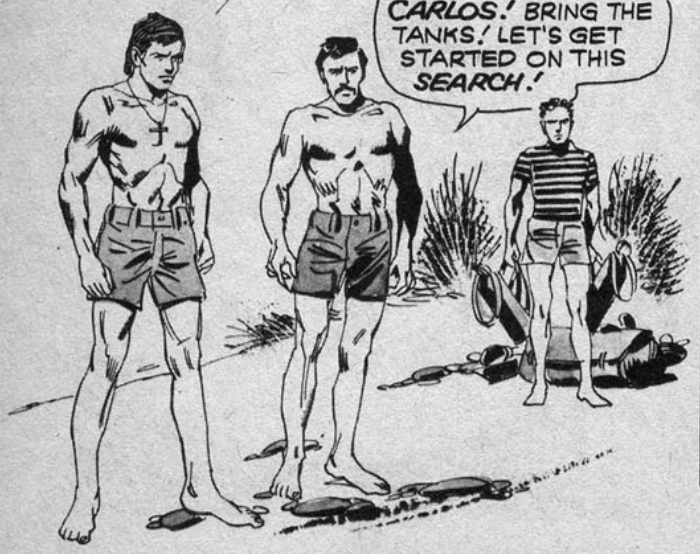
THE CAVE-TOMB WAS SEALED WITH MASSIVE GRANITE BLOCKS, AND IT WAS SAID THAT AS THE STONES ROSE TO COVER THE GAPING MOUTH, THE BLOOD OF THE DEAD RAN IN SMALL STREAMS FROM BENEATH THEIR AWESOME WEIGHT!

"WAR, FAMINE, AND DISEASE SLAUGHTERED THEM BY THE THOUSANDS-- THE *TOLTECS* DIED AS A RACE-- THE WATERS ROSE, COVERING THE CITY AND LAPPED AT THE *BLOOD-MORTARED* STONES OF THE *TOMB!*"

--AND *NOW*, *EVEN* THE *TOMB* HAS *DISAPPEARED!*

DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT-- THOSE *TREASURES* WILL SEE THE LIGHT OF DAY YET!

CARLOS! BRING THE TANKS! LET'S GET STARTED ON THIS *SEARCH!*



FOR *WEEKS* THE NUMEROUS DIVES HAVE BEEN FRUITLESS... NO TRACES OF THE *TOMB*, ONLY SHARDS OF ANCIENT POTTERY SCOOPED FROM THE RESTLESS OCEAN FLOOR!

READY, SPORT?

YEAH, LET'S SEE WHAT'S DOWN BELOW. OUR *"LUCK"* IS BOUND TO *CHANGE!*

HOW'S THAT *REGULATOR* WORKING, CARLOS?

YOU'RE ALL SET. DON'T FORGET TO WATCH YOUR TIME! *GOOD LUCK!*

THE ACRID SMELL OF BURNING FLARES MIXES WITH THE STENCH OF DECOMPOSITION AND ANCIENT INCENSE--- IN THE FLICKERING AND UNSTEADY LIGHT, THEIR EYES BEHOLD THE FABULOUS TREASURES OF MORAK-KULA!
MY GOD!--
--WE'VE FOUND IT!
COME ON! LET'S GET UP THERE AND TAKE A LOOK AT IT!

AS THE DIVERS HEAD FOR THE TREASURE...
WHAT THE HELL IS A BEETLE DOING HERE?
HOW COULD IT POSSIBLY LIVE?
WITH ALL THIS GOLD YOU'RE GOING TO WORRY ABOUT SOME STUPID BUG?
WILL YOU LOOK AT ALL THIS GOLD!

WITHIN THREE DAYS WE'LL HAVE THIS PLACE STRIPPED!
WE'LL BE RICH, BUDDY BOY--
--RICHER THAN OUR WILDEST DREAMS!
COME ON--
--LET'S GET THESE THINGS TOPSIDE!

MINUTES LATER ON THE SURFACE...

HAHAHAHAHA!
I SEE WE HAVE DONE VERY WELL!
GOLD-- IT'S ALL HEAVY, BEAUTIEUL GOLD!
AND THERE'S PLENTY MORE WHERE THAT CAME FROM!
TONS OF IT!
YOU HAVE ENOUGH AIR FOR ONE MORE DIVE--
--ARE YOU GOING BACK DOWN?
THERE'S NO WAY YOU COULD KEEP US UP HERE!

WE COULD'VE COME BACK AGAIN TOMORROW--
--WHAT'S THE BIG RUSH?
THE KING! REMEMBER WHAT THE OLD WOMAN SAID ABOUT "BEYOND HIS SEWN LIPS"?
BULL! JUST SUPERSTITION, THAT'S ALL!
YEAH, SOMETHING ABOUT A SECRET OF ETERNITY AND--
BEYOND THOSE DRIED LIPS WE'LL PROBABLY FIND TE GREATEST TREASURE OF ALL--
--JEWELLS!

THE BRITTLE CORDS ARE PULLED FROM THE DRIED LIPS OF THE DEAD MORAK-KULA--

QUICKLY, A GOLDEN URN CRASHES INTO THE PETRIFIED WARRIOR, SHATTERING HIS BODY INTO ROCK-LIKE FRAGMENTS--

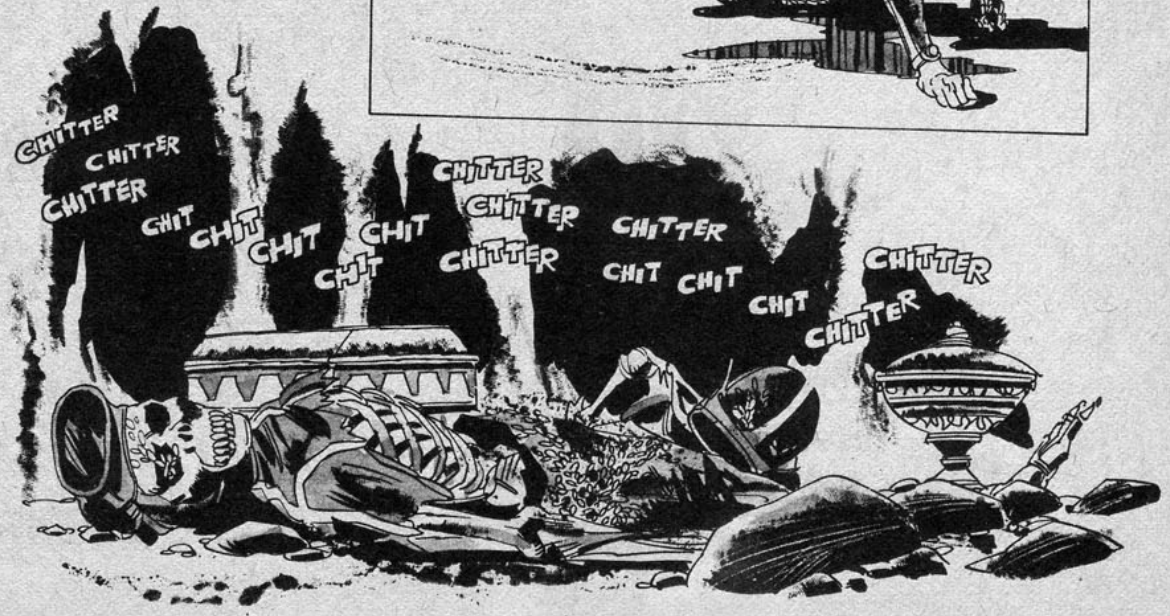
--FRAGMENTS THAT CONTINUE TO MOVE!

A SPASM OF *TORMENTING PAIN* FLASHES THRU THE HAND-- *SUDDENLY...*

AS THE JAWS THAT HAVE BEEN LOCKED FOR CENTURIES ARE FORCED OPEN, THE *BRITTLE SKIN* CRACKS AND TEARS -- LIVING FINGERS PASS BEYOND TWIN ROWS OF *YELLOWED TEETH*, TOUCHING THE *HIDEOUS REMMANT* OF A *TONGUE*...

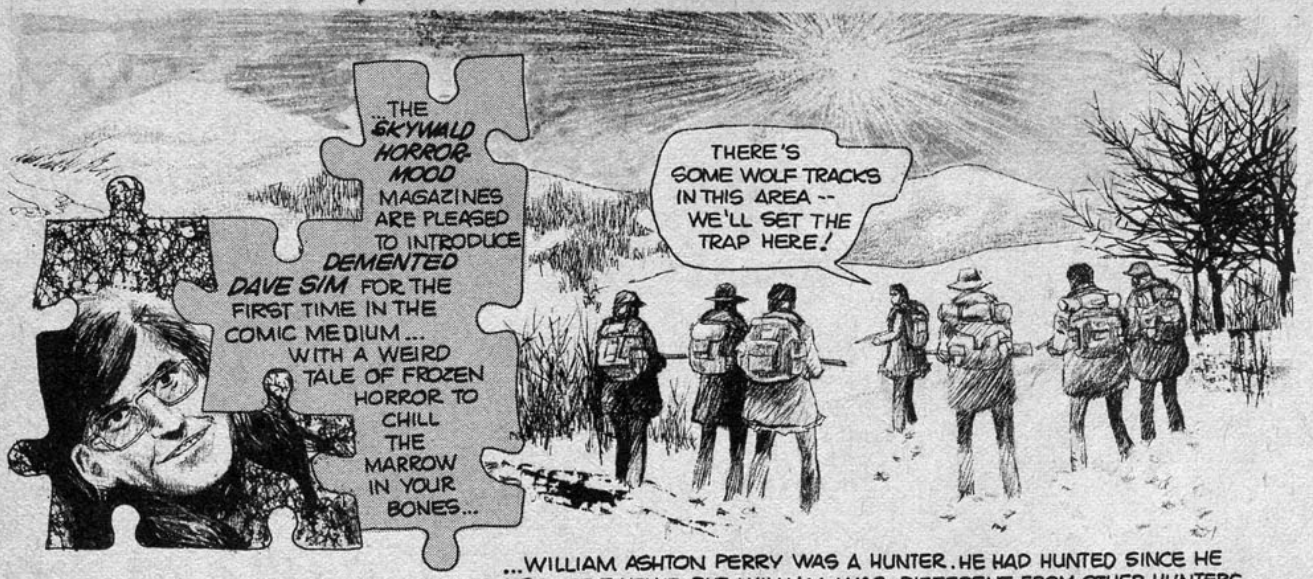
AS THE DEAD JAWS REMAIN OPEN, THOUSANDS OF *FLESH GARDEN DEVOURING* BEETLES POUR FROM BETWEEN THE DEAD KING'S LIPS...

MINUTES BEFORE, THE LAST GRUNT OF LIFE WAS SOUNDED... *NOW* ALL THAT REMAINS IS THE FAINT DRONING OF A THOUSAND TINY JAWS AS THEY DEVOUR THE FLESH OF THOSE WHO WOULD DARE DEFILE THE *ROYAL CORPSE!*



MEANWHILE --
HAHAHA! THOSE STUPID GRINGOS-- --THE SHARKS WILL HAVE THEIR DINNER AND I WILL HAVE ALL THIS BEAUTIFUL GOLD!
THEY'LL NEVER KNOW THE RICHES THEY DREAMED OF--
HAHAHAHAHA!

THE SIX-LEGGED DEATH RAPIDLY DEVOURS SINEW AND SKIN... THEIR OBLIGATION TO A LONG DEAD KING HAS BEEN FULFILLED. THE TREASURES OF MORAK-KULA ARE ONCE AGAIN SAFE UNTIL SOME HAPLESS BEACHCOMBER OR SHELL COLLECTOR STUMBLES UPON HIS DEATH!

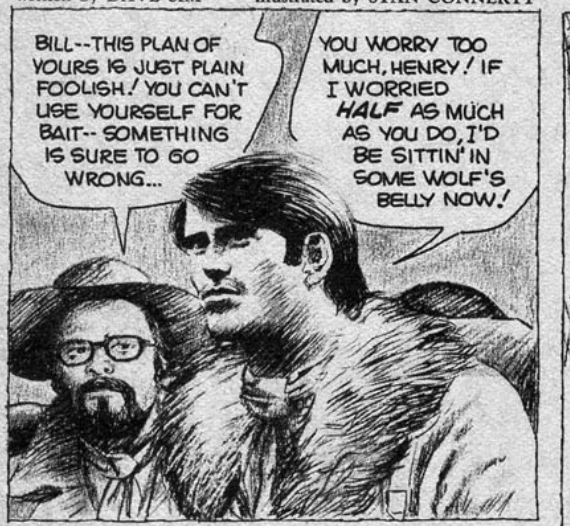

...THE SKYWALD HORROR MOOD MAGAZINES ARE PLEASED TO INTRODUCE DEMENTED DAVE SIM FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THE COMIC MEDIUM... WITH A WEIRD TALE OF FROZEN HORROR TO CHILL THE MARROW IN YOUR BONES...
THERE'S SOME WOLF TRACKS IN THIS AREA -- WE'LL SET THE TRAP HERE!

...WILLIAM ASHTON PERRY WAS A HUNTER. HE HAD HUNTED SINCE HE WAS A BOY OF TWELVE. BUT, WILLIAM WAS DIFFERENT FROM OTHER HUNTERS WHO HAD BEEN RAISED FROM CHILDHOOD KILLING FOR SPORT. WILLIAM DIDN'T GO TROMPING ABOUT THE BUSH PUMPING FIFTY ROUNDS OF HEAVY GAUGE BUCKSHOT INTO YOUNG DEER. NO, WILLIAM LIKED TO TRICK ANIMALS -- HE ALWAYS HAD. HE LIKED TURNING AN ANIMAL'S HUNGER AND CUNNING AGAINST THE ANIMAL.

AND THAT WAS WHY WILLIAM ASHTON PERRY HAD TRUDGED FIFTY MILES THROUGH SIX INCHES OF FRESHLY FALLEN SNOW WITH A PARTY OF SIX MEN. AS HE SQUINTED AT THE SUN, GETTING LOWER ON THE HORIZON, HE DIDN'T SUSPECT THAT HE WOULD SOON ANSWER...

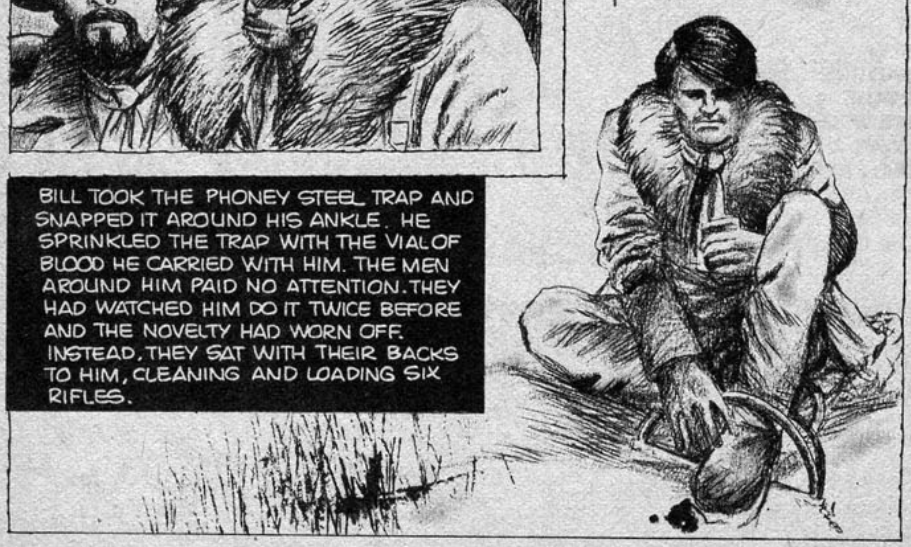
THE CRY OF THE WHITE WOLF

written by DAVE SIM illustrated by STAN CONNERTY


BILL--THIS PLAN OF YOURS IS JUST PLAIN FOOLISH! YOU CAN'T USE YOURSELF FOR BAIT-- SOMETHING IS SURE TO GO WRONG...
YOU WORRY TOO MUCH, HENRY! IF I WORRIED HALF AS MUCH AS YOU DO, I'D BE SITTIN' IN SOME WOLF'S BELLY NOW!

THE SUN WAS STARTING TO SET WHEN THE MEN, NOW HIDDEN BEHIND THE TREES NEAREST TO BILL, BEGAN GETTING RESTLESS. EVEN A JACKRABBIT WOULD PROVIDE SOME EXCITEMENT.

BILL TOOK THE PHONEY STEEL TRAP AND SNAPPED IT AROUND HIS ANKLE. HE SPRINKLED THE TRAP WITH THE VIAL OF BLOOD HE CARRIED WITH HIM. THE MEN AROUND HIM PAID NO ATTENTION. THEY HAD WATCHED HIM DO IT TWICE BEFORE AND THE NOVELTY HAD WORN OFF. INSTEAD, THEY SAT WITH THEIR BACKS TO HIM, CLEANING AND LOADING SIX RIFLES.



SUDDENLY THERE WAS SOME MOTION -- A DISTURBANCE -- ON A RIDGE OF SNOW ABOUT A HUNDRED YARDS AHEAD OF HIM. HE SQUINTED, HIS HEART SKIPPING A BEAT. IT WAS AN ANIMAL! GOD -- THE MOST BEAUTIFUL ANIMAL HE HAD EVER SEEN!

HENRY, DO YOU SEE IT... DO YOU *SEE* IT!?

HUH? SEE WHAT?

JUST... KEEP WATCHING...

IT HAD BEEN MOVING SLOWLY TOWARD HIM, WITH INCREDIBLE GRACE WHEN, ABRUPTLY, IT STOPPED -- AS IF A SOUND, A SOUND THAT ESCAPED BILL'S HEARING, HAD REACHED ITS EARS.

THE CREATURE INCHED CLOSER TO BILL! IT WAS NO MORE THAN SEVENTY YARDS -- NOW FIFTY YARDS -- AWAY! SURELY HENRY COULD SEE IT! IT WAS A WOLF... A WHITE WOLF -- WHITE AS THE SUN ON A HOT SUMMER'S DAY WITH EYES THE COLOUR OF BURNING COALS. THE CREATURE WAS STARING AT HIM. THERE WAS AN INTELLIGENCE BEHIND THOSE EYES BILL COULD ALMOST SEE.

IT BLINKED TWICE, TURNED AND WALKED BACK THE WAY IT HAD COME...

GOD! DID YOU SEE THAT ANIMAL... DID YOU SEE ITS EYES?!

ANIMAL?

YOU IDIOT! OF COURSE AN ANIMAL! A WOLF -- A *WOLF!* WHITER THAN THE SNOW AND THE SIZE OF A SMALL HORSE!

THE SKY WAS TURNING A BLOOD CRIMSON AS THE SUN DIPPED BELOW THE HORIZON. BILL TRIED TO LEAD THE MEN IN PURSUIT OF THE WHITE WOLF, BUT THERE WAS A FEAR BEYOND FEAR IN THE CAMP -- AS MUCH A FEAR OF BILL AS OF THE WOLF.

THAT BEAST IS NEARBY! I KNOW IT -- FEEL IT IN MY BONES! THE PELT ALONE WOULD BRING IN CLOSE TO A THOUSAND DOLLARS! WE COULD TRAIL IT, SHOOT IT AND BE BACK IN CAMP WITHIN THE HOUR!

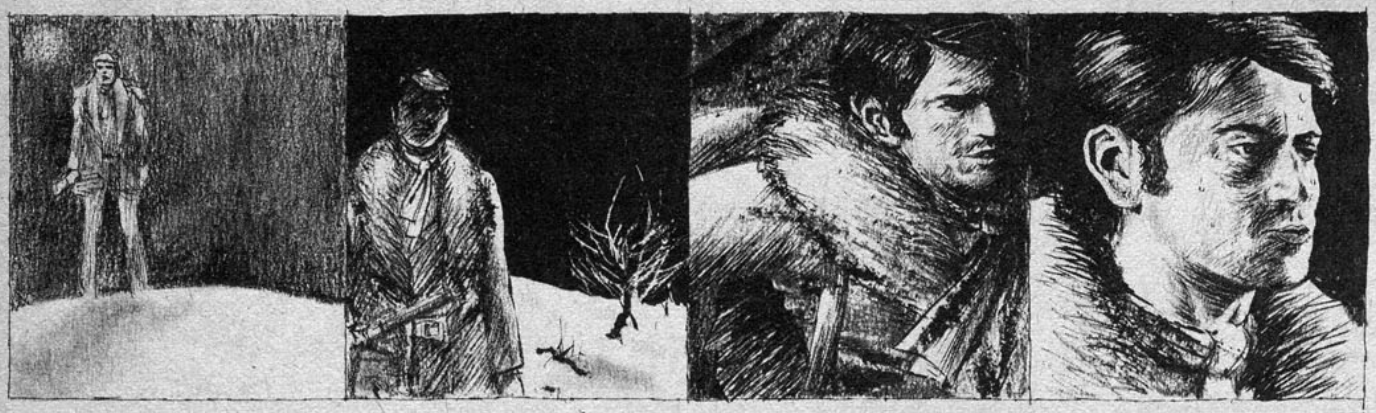
I'VE NEVER HUNTED A WOLF AFTER THE SUN'S GONE DOWN AND I AIN'T ABOUT TO START DOIN' IT *THIS* LATE IN THE GAME!

ONCE WILLIAM ASHTON PERRY HAD SET HIS MIND TO SOMETHING, IT WAS VERY SELDOM CHANGED. AS THE OTHER MEN SAT DOWN TO THEIR EVENING MEAL AROUND A BLAZING FIRE, BILL SET OUT FOR THE RIDGE OF SNOW WHERE HE HAD LAST SEEN THE WOLF...

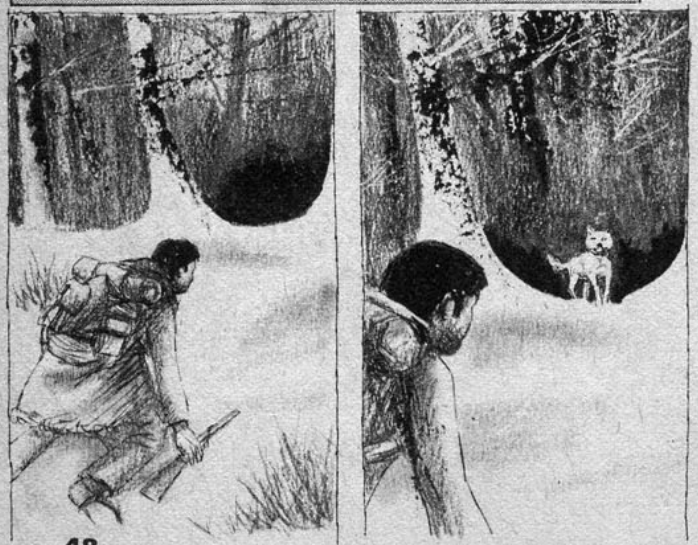
COWARDS! WAIT 'TIL THEY SEE THE PELT I BRING BACK -- THEY'LL WHISTLE A DIFFERENT TUNE! THEY'RE ALL COWARDS.

HE CLIMBED TO THE TOP OF THE RIDGE, AND THERE, WILLIAM FROZE... DEAD... IN HIS TRACKS. NO MORE THAN A HUNDRED YARDS AHEAD, THE WOLF SAT AS IF IT HAD BEEN THERE SINCE EARLY EVENING... WAITING... WAITING FOR *HIM!*

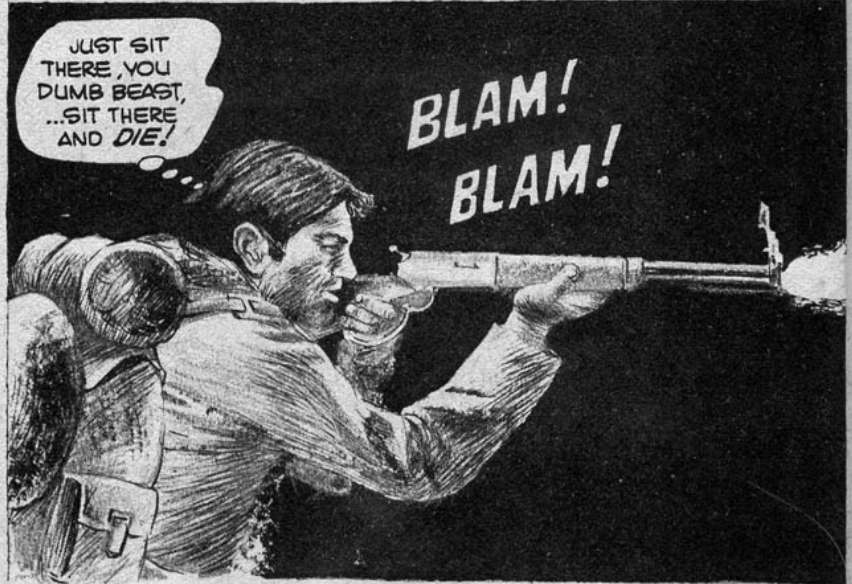
THE EYES, LIKE BURNING COAL, FOCUSED ON HIM FOR A BRIEF SECOND... THEN THE WOLF TURNED LIKE A WHITE DEVIL AND LOPED OFF INTO THE BRUSH. STUMBLING THROUGH THE UNFAMILIAR TERRAIN, BILL GAVE CHASE.



BILL RAN, RAN, UNTIL HE THOUGHT HIS LUNGS WOULD BURST FROM RUNNING. AT LAST, HE FELL AND HE KNEW THE GAME WAS OVER... KNEW THE WOLF HAD WON. WHEN IT REAPPEARED BRIEFLY ON THE RIDGE JUST AHEAD, BILL'S EYES WENT WIDE. WIDE, OUT OF SURPRISE --- WIDE OUT OF A FIERCE *HATRED.*



BILL WAS DISAPPOINTED. HE HAD THOUGHT THE CREATURE INTELLIGENT. BUT IT HADN'T EVEN THE SENSE TO ESCAPE WHEN HE HAD FALLEN. FOR ITS STUPIDITY, HE DECIDED, IT HAD TO DIE... *DESERVED* TO DIE!



IT HADN'T BEEN A CLEAN HIT, BUT THE ANIMAL, FROM THE WAY IT LIMPED AND HOWLED, WAS IN GREAT PAIN!
HOWL LIKE A BANSHEE, YOU WHITE DEMON! IT'LL HELP ME FIND YOU!
AAAARRRRRROOOO
THE WAS SOMETHING DISTRUBING IN THE HOWL... IT WAS A SOUND BEYOND PAIN... BEYOND SUFFERING...
RRRRRRRRRRO
...SOMETHING VERY DISTURBING...
OOOO
OOOO
ABRUPTLY, THE SOUND STOPPED. ABRUPTLY, QUIET HUNG LIKE A SHROUD OVER THE WOOD. BILL MOVED AS QUIETLY AS POSSIBLE, BUT EACH FOOTSTEP, EACH BREATH -- EACH HEARTBEAT SEEMED TO SHATTER THE SILENCE LIKE AN EXPLOSION. HIS FINGER CURLED AROUND THE TRIGGER AND TENSED AS HE MOVED CAUTIOUSLY, HIS HEART POUNDING!
HE PUSHED SEVERAL BRANCHES ASIDE AND PEERED INTO THE DARK CLEARING RINGED WITH TREES. THERE, ALMOST EXACTLY AT THE CENTRE, LAY THE WOLF -- WHITER THAN THE SNOW, ONE OF ITS LEGS STAINED AS RED AS THE DULL GLOW OF HIS EYES!

HE FELT LIKE GLOATING. HIS LIPS TWISTED INTO A SNEER. HE WANTED TO TELL THE WOLF HOW FOOLISH IT HAD BEEN. HE WANTED TO SHOW IT WHAT THE RIFLE COULD DO. HE WANTED IT TO SUFFER FOR ITS STUPIDITY BEFORE IT DIED. A SIMPLE SHOT THROUGH THE TEMPLE WOULD BE TOO EASY--TOO MERCIFUL!

...STUPID BEAST...

HE LIFTED THE RIFLE TO HIS SHOULDER SLOWLY AND WAS VAGUELY AWARE OF SOMETHING GLOWING TO HIS RIGHT. IT WAS LIKE AN EYE--NO!--A *PAIR* OF EYES!

SUDDENLY, THERE WAS ANOTHER PAIR...AND ANOTHER... AND ANOTHER!

THE HAIRS ON THE BACK OF HIS NECK STOOD ON END AS HE REALIZED THEIR EYES WERE ALL AROUND. THE WHITE WOLF STOOD UP, NO LONGER LIMPING AND BEGAN TO ADVANCE, ITS EYES GLOWING...

WILLIAM ASHTON PERRY WAS CORNERED, UNLIKE A CORNERED BEAST, HE DID NOT TURN AND FIGHT. HE DIDN'T EVEN REACH FOR HIS RIFLE. WILLIAM ASHTON PERRY JUST SANK TO HIS KNEES IN THE SNOW AND SOBBED!

IT WAS A WARM MORNING--PERHAPS THE WARMEST THE AREA HAD EVER SEEN, THOUGHT HENRY. THE TRACKS WERE CLEAR, AND HE WAS CERTAIN BILL WOULD BE FOUND BEFORE NOON--IF THE POMPOUS FOOL HADN'T WANDERED TOO FAR FROM CAMP.

THE BODY WAS THERE, AS HENRY HAD KNOWN IT WOULD BE. IT WAS SLASHED AND RIPPED AND MANGLED. IT APPEARED ONE LEG HAD EITHER BEEN CONSUMED OR CARRIED OFF, AND A BETTER PORTION OF THE RIGHT FOREARM HAD BECOME A RED PATCH ON THE SNOW, BUT IT WAS BILL ALL RIGHT. THE HEAD WAS UNTOUCHED.

SOME OF THE MEN CLUTCHED TREES FOR SUPPORT, SOME JUST WEPT OPENLY--BUT NOT HENRY.

HE HAD SEEN TOO MANY MEN KILLED IN JUST THE SAME WAY. IT JUST NO LONGER UPSET HIM. HE HAD BEEN BORN IN THE NORTH--HE KNEW THE WAY OF THE WILDS, AND HAD TRIED TO WARN WILLIAM ASHTON PERRY--BUT PERRY WAS IN MANY WAYS A FOOL--A *DEAD* FOOL!

PSYCHO MAILBAG

. . . A letter from Ron Waite . . .

"I was thinking today about writing a letter to you and after I answered the batch of questions and sent after my SHOGGOTH form, I decided to follow through with my plans.

"I've been reading various magazines since 1958 when I bought my first copy of Famous Monsters of Filmland. During the mid-50's I read most of the E.C. comics I could get a hold of, but never really appreciated what I had 'cause I was rather young, Now I wish I had those copies! My interest in this sort of thing started, I believe, with those early E.C. comics and grew until today as I still collect and read every magazine in this genre I can get my hands on.

"During the 60's, most of the others didn't offer much and in my opinion, still don't. It's a different form of comic. It's slanted for a younger audience. Along came your oldest biggest competitor and they started out very good with art by Frazetta and Orlando and Sutton. Then they took a plunge and only recently are starting to recover thanks mainly to Felix Mas, Rich Corben and a few others. But they are becoming too involved with causes, racial incidents, serial-type stories, and crud like the Warrior. If I want to see warrior stories I'll buy war comics. ! maintain and always have that a horror magazine should be just that, or else don't bother to publish it. If OTHER WORLDS, IF, FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION, etc., ever started running stories like that or some other adventure monsense, how long do you think they'd last?

"All this leads to a point. SKYWALD had done much to change this. For action they've given us HELL RIDER. And for fans like myself they've given us NIGHTMARE, SCREAM and PSYCHO. The stories are always different and leave us with a thought that we've read something. I'm not good at remembering names, but I can sure remember stories. One of my favorites next to DAWN GODS, was the sci-fi thriller where the prisoner was miniaturized and accidently swallowed by the scientist, He later (the prisoner) went on to cause all sorts of havoc inside the scientist, only to meet a horrible end. This is a horror story. This is science fiction. SKYWALD'S combined them both.

"The best story in THE 1974 PSYCHO YEARBOOK was — THE BRIDES OF FRANKENSTEIN, although I don't like the monster being in a strip EVERY issue, just every 2 or 3. I think the writer Archaic Al, did an excellent job expressing how he would feel. It made the monster more human, more realistic than something going around killing people for no reason at all.

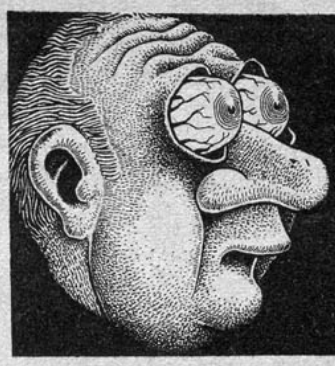
Thanks for a truly great magazine.
P.S.—thanks also for remembering Lovecraft, the master."

Ronald Waite
Trenton N.J.

. . . thank you Ron, for your various thought provoking comments. The story to which you refer is THE INNER MAN by Tom Sutton, recently reprinted in 1974 SUMMER SPECIAL — and indeed it truly IS a SKYWALD classic. More science-fiction masterpieces are on their way by our writers, including a dramatic tale by Augustine Funnell which you will certainly enjoy . . .

"My favorite all-time HORROR-MOOD story is - HICKORY DICKORY DOCK, it was about

So many of you have rallied to the SHOGGOTH CRUSADE, pledging your life, limb, and sanity, we are heartened that there are still people in this world who are willing to fight for what they believe. The combined military forces of the United States around the world have joined the cause. THE 42ND ENGINEERING COMPANY, BERLIN BRIGADE, of the UNITED STATES ARMY have joined the CRUSADE, and undoubtedly their experience will aid us in the difficult task of planning a way in and out of the center of the earth. MICHAEL WENGER of the SHERMAN FIELD CRASH CREW stationed in Florida, the UNITED STATES NAVY, promises full support. PVT. 2 KANE M. KIMMEY, Btry C. 3rd F.A. stationed in Berlin, THE UNITED STATES ARMY, pledges full support and contribution of his skills — land navigation, sharp shooter, mountain climbing, hand-to-hand combat, C.B.R. training and I.T.T. training. ROBERT DIONNE of troop C ACR, P.F.C. BRANT EVERY, HHC infantry, both stationed in New York, and Pvt. RAYMOND LEGER Jr. of the UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS all pledge their full support. Many hundreds of non-military people have also joined — like, to name a few: CARRY KENTON of Maryland, MARK CERAJENSKI of Indiana, EDWARD KULAS of New Jersey ("I can supply weapons, ammunition and other needs"), JEANNIE JACKSON of Mass., ROBERT CURTIS of Ohio, KENNETH NEILY of Rhode Island, CREIG ROBINSON of New York, WILLIAM WANTLAND of Maryland, JOHN CROSS of Wisconsin, BILL RENK of Illinois, ERIC CARLSON of Minnesota, JAMES ARENA of New York, LOUIS FRANCIS BOOTH of Florida, MATT HARGREAVES of Washington State, DERRICK SUBER of Mass., KARL SEGER of illinois, SHARYL GRORA of Florida ("I've got a lot of guts"), CARLO DEL REGNL of New York, JOHN FLORIAN of Kentucky, TINA and SUSAN SILANO of New York, WILLIAM JERSEY of New York, TIMOTHY BAKER of Mass., MIKE TUMLIN of Georgia, ANTHONY RICCI of New York, DAVID GOOCH of Tennessee, KEVIN KISSEL of Saskatchewan, HECTOR BERNAVIDERY of Texas, LEON JOHNSON of Mass., SHIARLENE JOHNSON of Mass., RICHARD COSSON of Colorado, STEVE McCHESNEY of New York, WAYNE BROWN of Minnesota, BEN PECSON of Hawaii, ENA QUINTERO of New Mexico, LARRY DEAN of Michigan, RICH SAMPSON of California, and PETER GERARD of Michigan. These people are just a few of the many hundreds who have already joined the CRUSADE. Details will appear at a later date on where, when and how the actual expedition will be mounted. For the moment, members are invited to read all tales in THE SHOGGOTH CHRONICLES, to be illustrated by artist Cesar, and to KEEP IN TOUCH. Together we will defeat the SHOGGOTH menace — together we will win the valiant fight against the forces of horror and evil as old as the earth itself — together we will travel the awesome journey to the center of the earth, where these gruesome SHOGGOTHS dwell — and together we will KILL every one of them!



Honorary MOOD-TEAM lunatic, BASIL WOLVERTON, (probably the most insane artist in the world) has just come out with a book of his weird work, titled: COMMON TYPES OF BARFLYZE. Now although we never review publications which aren't HORROR-oriented. this is where we make an exception, for thought it isn't horror it IS weird! Mr. Wolverton, whose illustrious career of portraying peculiar people in preposterous positions is unmatched by anyone at all, is such a tremendous talent we wholeheartedly recommend you send $2.00 plus 50¢ postage and handling to COMMON TYPES OF BARFLYZE, WOLVERTON ENTERPRISES, P.O. Box 514, Altadena, California, 91001 . . . you will not regret it . . . the man's work is, literally, outtasight!

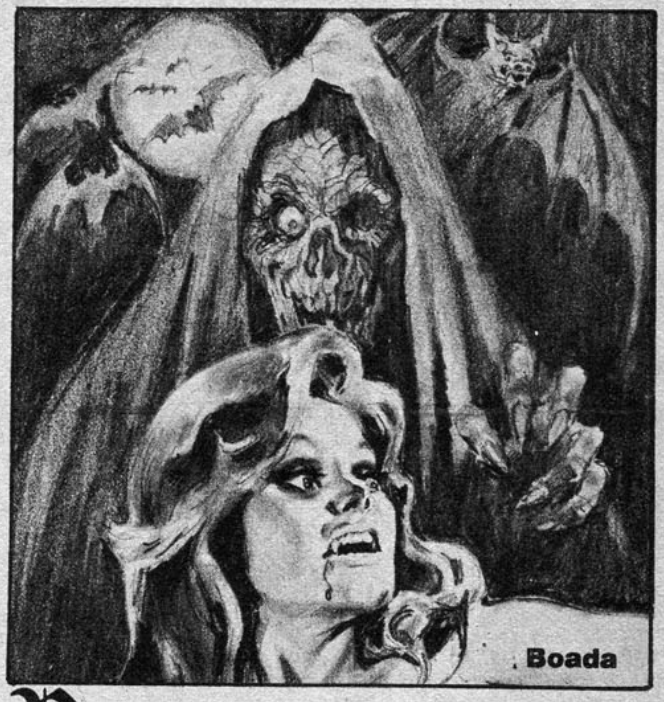
Dracula, and again realistic, it showed reality. And THE DIARY OF AN ABSOLUTE LUNATIC ran second, because it was realistic and showed how a madman would act, his very thoughts, (are you all mad?). I buy the HORROR-MOOD magazines because of a number of reasons. 1: you let the readers decide what you'll put in your mags. 2: the covers are great, (SCREAM 1, PSYCHO 14, SCREAM 3, PSYCHO'S 16, 17, 19. Those are my favorites) and 3: because of the quality .75¢ for quality worth $10. My favorite HORROR-MOOD writer is — whoever wrote HICKORY DICKORY DOCK, with Archaic Al coming in 2nd for FRANKENSTEIN'S BRIDES. My favorite HORROR-MOOD cover artist is - Segrelles, for SCREAM #1. My favorite type of story is - horror and sci-fi. Stories should be - A variety of lengths, if they're all the same length then you'll know when the ending is coming. I think the photofeatures are excellent I think you should have at least 5 pages every issue! Have an upcoming preview of a movie or a filmbook of an old one.

My favorite HORROR-MOOD magazine is SCREAM. Mainly it's my favorite because I found issue 1 and have watched it grow and mature, watching and waiting for each new issue, although I do that with all your mags. My favorite HORROR-MOOD character is - NOSFERATU, because it offers new characters each issue or episode and the stories are all fangtastically excellent.

"My favorite HORROR - MOOD series are - NOSFERATU and the HUMAN GARGOYLES. Like I said NOSFERATU offers a new innovative story each epic episode and THE HUMAN GARGOYLES are (my weakness) believable. For a story or series to be good it has to be a good horror story (or Sci-Fi) or a believable one, I can relate to THE HUMAN GARGOYLES, they're real. I think text stories are - Bad. I read many books ahd when I turn to your mags for entertainment I like to see illustrations, helping me imagine the story, many illustrations! My ideas for changing the mags and new features are as ofllows: 1: have photofeatures every issue, at least 5 pages. 2: Stick to your regular table of contents. 3: have more contents, but not balloon contests fill-ins. Try to keep up your high quality, great covers and great stories."

. . . Brian Gray

. . . if y'all have something to say — WRITE . . . if not — enjoy, enjoy — and don't miss NIGHTMARE, now on sale . . .



Preview of an upcoming cover!

RAW SEX

Got your attention huh? That was just a cheap ruse to grab your attention to what's new and what's comin' up — like what's ED FEDORY up to? — CURSE OF THE SNAKE GODDESS, illustrated by CARDONA, DEATHWALK, FROM HELL TO ETERNITY, and WHO ARE THEY? THE BREEDERS! with artist COLLADO. THAT'S what our Ed's up to! New writer (ex E.C. writer) Carl Wessler's first contribution is THE SOCIETY OF VULTURES, and new writer (well he's not a new writer for gosh sakes, he's known to thousands of Warren readers as ex-editor but he's new in THESE pages) J. R. COCHRAN will soon be appearing. Mr. FUNNELL, star of stars, has scripted a couple of things called SNAKEWIZARD, plus THIS TRAIN IS BOUND FOR SAVAGE HELL and THIS CORPSE BELONGS TO ME! New writers and new artists — watch for 'em SOON!

...THE VAMPIRE FEASTS THE NIGHT AWAY-- HE IS SECURE DURING THE NIGHTS OF HIS LIFE, FOR HE KNOWS HIS WIT AND STRENGTH CAN DEFEAT ALL ADVERSARIES -- IT IS ONLY DURING HIS SLEEPING HOURS HE IS FALLIBLE, HIS DEFENCES PENETRABLE -- ONLY DURING HIS SLEEPING HOURS DOES HE FEAR DEATH AND MULL OVER IN HIS MIND THE AWFUL THOUGHT-

...IF I SHOULD DIE BEFORE I WAKE...

written by VICTOR BUCKLEY
illustrated by ANDY CRANDON

... DAWN CRACKS ON THE HORIZON...

I MUST RETURN TO MY CRYPT TO SLEEP NOW -- I AM SATIATED -- MY BLOOD-LUST FULFILLED... ...YET ONE OF THESE NIGHTS I MUST TAKE THE TIME TO FIND A NEW ABODE TO SLEEP IN -- I HAVE BEEN IN THIS ONE TOO LONG...

... AND IF I AM DISCOVERED DURING THE DAY MY LIFE IS AS GOOD AS ENDED... FOR I AM DEFENCELESS AS I SLEEP -- AND EVEN A CHILD COULD MURDER ME...

THIS GRAVEYARD HAS BECOME TOO POPULAR -- WHEN FIRST I MOVED HERE IT WAS QUIET AND NO-ONE CAME HERE--- ... NOW, IT IS BECOMING POPULAR AGAIN, SINCE THE OWNERS HAVE ACQUIRED NEW LANDS THAT ADJOIN THIS CEMETERY -- AND DAILY THIS PLACE IS THE SCENE OF BURIALS -- IT IS BECOMING TOO BUSY...

LORD SATAN-- THERE IS A GROUP EVEN NOW ENTERING THE GRAVEYARD -- AT THE VERY CRACK OF DAWN!! ...THAT DECIDES IT-- TONIGHT I SEARCH FOR NEW RESIDENCE!

...I AM EXHAUSTED --I SO DESPERATELY--

--SO DESPERATELY--

--SO DESPERATELY NEED REST!

WELL ED -- WHERE DO WE START?
--OVER THERE GUS-- -- IN THAT CRYPT! THAT'S WHERE WE START!

WHAT DOES IT SAY?
IT SAYS WE GOTTA LEVEL THIS OLD CRYPT TO THE GROUND -- NO-ONE OWNS IT ANYMORE AND IT'S NEVER BEEN USED -- SO--WE GOTTA TEAR IT DOWN SO THE OWNERS OF THIS GRAVEYARD CAN BUILD ANOTHER ONE FOR MORE MONEY!
SEEMS LIKE A REAL WASTE -- NEVER BEEN USED, EH? LOOKS NICE ENOUGH TO LIVE IN! I THINK I'LL BUY IT AN' MOVE IN WITH MY WIFE AN' KIDS!
QUIT CLOWNIN' AROUND -- YOU MAY LIKE PLACES LIKE THIS BUT THEY GIVE ME THE CREEPS...
HEY! WHAT'S THIS COFFIN DOING HERE? I THOUGHT THIS PLACE WAS UNOCCUPIED!
I DUNNO -- IT'S A NICE COFFIN -- WE'D BETTER TAKE IT OUTSIDE -- IT'S TOO GOOD A COFFIN TO WRECK!
IT'S VERY HEAVY -- YOU SUPPOSE THERE'S SOMEBODY INSIDE?
NAW -- IT'S JUST HEAVY BECAUSE IT'S MADE OF OAK -- I IMAGINE IT WAS BOUGHT BY THE OWNER FOR WHEN HE DIED -- 'CEPT AS I UNDERSTAND IT THE GUY DIED IN FRANCE AN' WAS BURIED OVER THERE! HIS FAMILY SOLD THE CRYPT BACK TO THE GRAVEYARD!
WE'LL LEAVE IT HERE -- --LET'S GET BACK TO OUR WRECKING ASSIGNMENT!

HEY YOU KIDS -- GET AWAY FROM THAT COFFIN -- --THIS'S A GRAVEYARD, NOT A KID'S PLAYGROUND!

WELL -- WERE FINISHED -- AN IT'S GETTING DARK! WHAT DO WE DO WITH THIS COFFIN?
I DUNNO -- I SUPPOSE WE HAVE TO TAKE IT OVER TO THE CEMETERY OFFICES!

HEY -- WHERE DO YOU WANT THIS THING? WE FOUND IT IN THE CRYPT WE WRECKED!
MMMH! CERTAINLY A GOOD COFFIN -- WELL, FOR THE MOMENT PUT IT IN THAT ROOM! I'LL DECIDE WHERE TO DISPLAY IT IN THE MORNING!

I HATE COMING INTO THIS ROOM -- FULL OF CORPSES -- IT GIVES ME THE CREEPS!

TUM TE TUM TUM -- ON TOP OF OL' SMOKEY -- WHERE THE DEER AN' ANTELOPE ROAM --

WHO THE HELL IS THIS GUY? NO INSTRUCTIONS OR ANYTHING-- WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO WITH THIS GUY?--CREMATE HIM?--EMBALM HIM? --OR STUFF HIM? --I DUNNO HOW THEY EXPECT ME TO DO MY JOB WHEN THEY DON'T TELL ME WHAT I'M SUPPOSED TO DO WITH THEIR CLIENTS!
WELL--I CAN'T LEAVE HIM IN THE COFFIN-- --I'LL STORE HIM IN A DEEP FREEZE CABINET TILL MORNING--
--IN THE MORNING--
YOU FOUND HIM IN THE COFFIN?
YES--I DON'T KNOW WHO HE IS --DO YOU?
NO--I DON'T KNOW WHO HE IS! WELL--I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH HIM--
...THIS END IS NOT QUITE THE END THE VAMPIRE IN THIS FROZEN MAUSOLEUM WOULD CHOOSE, WERE HE GIVEN A CHOICE-- --NO CHANCE FOR CLASSIC DYING RHETORIC--- --NO CHANCE FOR A FIERCE BATTLE OF THE STRONGEST TO SURVIVE- --IT'S A QUIET, FROZEN END, WITHOUT ROMANCE AND WITHOUT NOBILITY--
SO--WE'LL JUST LEAVE HIM IN THERE--HE MIGHT BE CLAIMED BY SOMEBODY--NOTHING CAN HAPPEN TO HIM IN THERE - HIS BODY WILL BE KEPT IN FROZEN SUSPENDED ANIMATION IN THAT SUB-ZERO COFFIN-- --IT'LL EVEN FREEZE YOUR BLOOD--
THAT REMINDS ME--YOU'VE HEARD ABOUT WHAT SCIENCE IS DOING WITH SUSPENDED ANIMATION--FREEZING DEAD BODIES FOR FIFTY OR A HUNDRED YEARS AND THEN BRINGING THEM BACK TO LIFE WHEN MEDICINE HAS FOUND A CURE FOR THE ILLNESS THAT CAUSED THE DEATH?
--YEH--I HEARD ABOUT THAT--
I THINK IT'S STUPID! WHO'D WANT TO LIVE AFTER BEING DEAD FOR A HUNDRED YEARS?
WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT THAT, HENRY?

THE **HORRORS** OF **VAMPIRISM** WERE **UNKNOWN** TO THIS **CHINA** UNTIL A FEW SHORT **HOURS** BEFORE **THIS MOMENT** -- IT WAS A SHORT-LIVED HORROR, FOR THE FOOL WHO POSSESSED THE BLOODLUST DID NOT UNDERSTAND THE WAYS OF VAMPIRES, AND THRUST A **STEEL BLADE** DEEP INTO HIS **OWN HEART** TO PROVE HIS IMMORTALITY TO HIS COMPATRIOTS, A BAND OF THIEVES -- THE VAMPIRE DIED ON HIS FEET, INSTANTLY, AND HIS CRIMINAL FRIENDS FLED....

... ALL BUT ONE -- A THIEF RAISED AND BRED IN ABJECT POVERTY, A MAN BRED IN THE PHILOSOPHY THAT NOTHING OF **VALUE** SHOULD BE WASTED -- CERTAINLY NOT A **JADE-STUDDED KNIFE** WORTH **45 CHEN** ON THE OPEN MARKET....

IT WOULD BE A **CRIME** TO LEAVE SO PRECIOUS A KNIFE TO RUST IN THE HEART OF A ROTTING **DEAD MAN!**

written by ALAN HEWETSON
illustrated by CHULL SANHO KIM

THE FIEND of CHANGSHA

CHAPTER TWO

DEAD BY DAY... FIEND BY NIGHT

-- THE SUN -- RIPPING
-- TEARING INTO MY FLESH !
I DO NOT UNDERSTAND WHAT HAS BEFALLEN ME --
... I AM BESET BY EMOTIONS AND LUSTS WHICH MAKE NO SENSE -- I AM IMMUNE TO DEATH ONE MOMENT, AND THE NEXT MINUTE I AM DEAD WHEN A KNIFE ENTERS MY HEART, THEN THE NEXT INSTANT I AM ALIVE AGAIN WHEN IT IS WITHDRAWN -- NOW, THE SUN ATTACKS MY FLESH AS IF I WERE A LEPER !
I DO NOT UNDERSTAND WHAT HAS BEFALLEN ME --
I DO NOT UNDERSTAND AT ALL!

MAN-LAO -- AS THE WISEST SCHOLAR OF CHANG SHA I COME TO YOU FOR YOUR ADVICE --
I AM HONORED TO HAVE THE CHIEF OF THE POLICE-SOLDIERS CALL UPON ME FOR ADVICE-- WHAT IS YOUR PROBLEM, HSIUNG TSUNG-YIN ?
LAST NIGHT MY SOLDIERS RAIDED THE CRIMINAL HEADQUARTERS OF THE SAHIN -- THE CRIMINALS WHO FOR YEARS HAVE EVADED OUR GRASP--MY SOLDIERS ENCOUNTERED A CERTAIN MAN WHO--SEEMED INVINCIBLE !
INVINCIBLE?
THOUGH SWORDS WERE REPEATEDLY THRUST INTO HIS BODY HE DID NOT DIE ! AT ONE POINT IN THE FIGHT, HE ATTACKED THE OPEN, BLOODIED WOUND OF ONE OF MY MEN, AND DREW BLOOD FROM THE MAN'S BODY INTO HIS MOUTH !
THIS MAN -- WAS CHINESE?
YES!
PRAY YOU NEVER LEARN, HSIUNG TSUNG-YIN-- IT IS A DISEASE WHEREBY THE HUMAN MIND IS SUBJECT TO THE GROSSEST EMOTIONAL LUSTS-- THE VAMPIRE IS WITHOUT RELIGION OR CONSCIENCE-- HE HAS NO SOUL, FOR HE IS--
-- YES-- HE IS WHAT, MAN-LAO?
-- A WALKING DEAD MAN!
THEN THE SKIES OF CHINA ARE BLACKENED BY THE MOST FOUL EVIL OF THE WESTERN WORLD--
-- VAMPIRISM HAS COME TO CHINA!
WHAT IS VAMPIRISM?

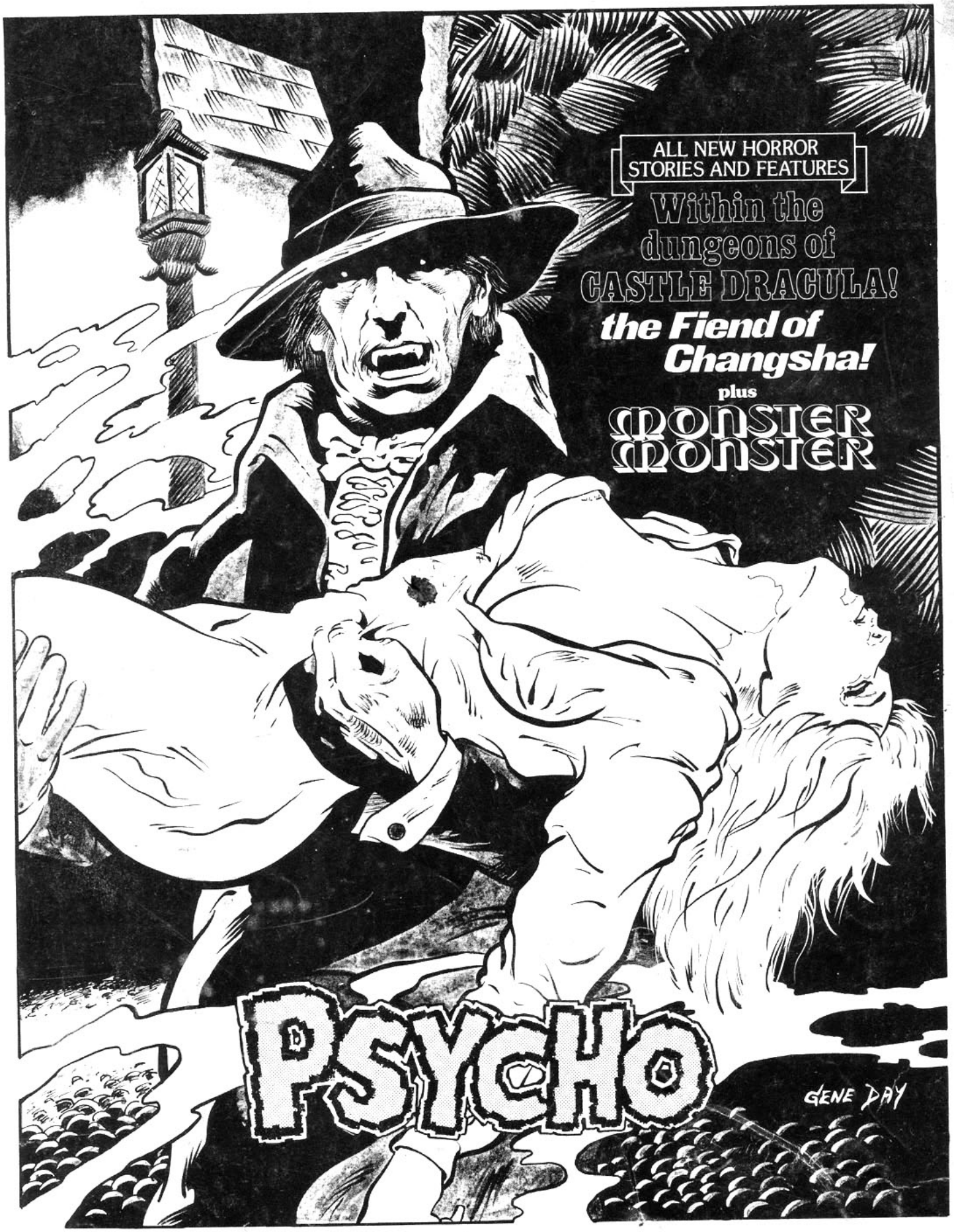
I WANT TO ASK YOU SOME QUESTIONS NOW--
HAVE YOU HAD REPORTS OF STRANGE DEATHS, OR OF STRANGE GOINGS-ON-- PARTICULARILY DURING THE NIGHT HOURS?
NO--I CAN THINK OF NOTHING STRANGE THAT HAS HAPPENED!
NO!
NO ODD MURDERS?
AND THIS IS THE FIRST TIME YOU HAVE ENCOUNTERED THIS-- FIEND?
YES!
THEN WE ARE FORTUNATE-- IT WOULD APPEAR THE MONSTER IS NEW-BORN-- IF WE CAN GET TO HIM AND KILL HIM TONIGHT, WE MAY PREVENT MANY DEATHS-- --AND MANY UNHOLY BIRTHS OF OTHER FIENDS!
THE NIGHT AIR IS WRETCHED!
THE AIR IS WRETCHED? I THINK IT IS VERY REFRESHING!
IF YOU KNEW WHAT I KNOW ABOUT VAMPIRISM, AND REALIZED THE IMPLICATIONS OF A VAMPIRE BEING LOOSE IN CHANG SHA, YOU WOULD REALIZE THE AIR THIS NIGHT IS WRETCHED!

THE WESTERNER MADE SOME OBSCURE REMARK ABOUT VAMPIRISM -- IS THAT WHAT I HAVE BECOME ? ALTHOUGH I WAS ONCE A DOCTOR, I RECALL NO SUCH DISEASE !
I DO NOT UNDERSTAND WHY YOU DID NOT LET ME BRING MY POLICE --
-- BECAUSE THEY WOULD HAVE NO VALUE AT ALL ! I WOULD SAY THAT, IN FACT, THEY WOULD BE DETRIMENTAL IN THE SIMPLE CONFRONTATION I HOPE TO HAVE WITH THE VAMPIRE !

CHAN'HAI!
MAN-LAO!
YOU ARE THE VAMPIRE? --MY OLD STUDENT?
I DO NOT EVEN KNOW WHAT A VAMPIRE IS, MAN-LAO! HOW DO I KNOW WHAT I HAVE BECOME WHEN MY MIND IS SO CLOUDED I--I CANNOT COMPOSE A SINGLE RATIONAL THOUGHT!
WILL YOU CONSENT TO COME WITH ME TO MY HOME -- THERE I HAVE BOOKS WHICH WILL SHOW YOU WHAT--
NO!
NO-- -- I AM NOT THE MAN YOU ONCE KNEW! I AM NO LONGER YOUR STUDENT--I AM NO LONGER AN HONORABLE DOCTOR, I AM NOW A COMMON CRIMINAL!
OH! THERE IS NOTHING COMMON ABOUT YOU NOW -- YOU ARE A VAMPIRE!
ALRIGHT MAN-LAO -- I'LL COME WITH YOU FOR AWHILE, TO SEE WHAT I AM--
-- YOU SAY, I AM DEAD?
YES MY YOUNG FRIEND-- YOU ARE DEAD!
THE WORD VAMPIRE MEANS NOTHING WHAT SOEVER TO ME--
YOU ARE A WALKING CORPSE!

THE DAYLIGHT BURNS INTO MY FLESH-- ONLY UNDER THE MOONLIGHT AM I COMFORTABLE!
THERE ARE MANY THINGS YOU HAVE TO LEARN ABOUT VAMPIRISM! BUT I MUST TELL YOU, THIS CURSE YOU POSSESS IS EVIL-- IT CAN COME TO NO GOOD EITHER FOR YOURSELF OR OTHERS YOU MAY MEET !
HOW IS IT EVIL?
YOU LUST AFTER HUMAN BLOOD, DO YOU NOT?
IN ORDER TO GET HUMAN BLOOD YOU MUST KILL-- AND THOSE YOU KILL ALSO TURN INTO FIENDS OF THE NIGHT !
GET OUT OF THE WAY, MAN-LAO -- THIS IS POLICE BUSINESS !
WHAT IS THIS?
BUT THIS IS NOT THE WAY !--
THIS IS THE ONLY WAY TO DEAL WITH A MURDEROR!
I HAVE MURDERED NO ONE, TILL NOW-- BUT IF I AM FORCED TO PROTECT MYSELF FROM CAPTURE-- THEN SO BE IT-- I WILL COMMIT MY FIRST MURDER!

--AND YOU--WHO DECEIVED ME--WILL BE MY FIRST VICTIM!
NO CHAN'HAI, THIS IS NOT THE WAY! THIS IS NOT RIGHT!
I AM NOT LONGER CHAN'HAI--I AM NOW A FIEND--A VAMPIRE--MORE POWERFUL THAN ALL THE MEN OF THIS FOOLISH POLICE SQUAD COMBINED!
I ENTREAT YOU--COME WITH ME TO LOOK IN MY BOOKS--LEARN WHAT YOU HAVE BECOME....
YOU FOOL, HSIUNG TSUNG-YIN, YOU FOOL--THOUGH YOU ARE DEAD I CANNOT MOURN YOU, FOR BY YOUR STUPIDITY YOU HAVE CURSED ALL CHINA--YOU WILL NEVER KNOW WHAT YOU HAVE DONE....
PERHAPS I WILL VISIT YOU SOMETIME--SOME NIGHT--BUT NOT NOW--
--NOW I NEED TO BE ALONE--TO THINK!
NEXT
IN THE CRYPT!


ALL NEW HORROR STORIES AND FEATURES
Within the dungeons of CASTLE DRACULA!
the Fiend of Changsha!
plus
MONSTER MONSTER
PSYCHO
GENE DAY